

Inside

Victory Sports Series

SEPTEMBER 1972

47344 K 60¢

Wrestling

**TERRY FUNK'S
BIGGEST
FEAR:
"FEUDS WILL
DEATH OF
YET!"**

**BE THE
ME**

**THE REAL
REASON BEHIND
MIL MASCARAS'
STRANGE
DISAPPEARANCES**

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See Dave's magnificent physique that won him a co-starring role in the movie "Don't Make Waves."

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Address _____
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TEAR OFF HERE

Inside Wrestling

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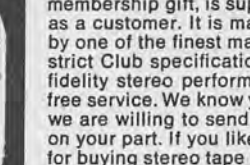
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NO APPARATUS TO BUY. There is absolutely no apparatus or exercise contraptions to buy. I supply all that is necessary. The complete course involves only a few minutes a day for just 35 days. You will notice DEFINITE RESULTS in only 14 days! Nor do you have to complete the whole course. If after only a few days you feel you have 'muscle-up' enough then simply quit the course. You are under NO obligation whatsoever! HERE'S WHAT TENSILE CONTRACTION® DID FOR ME... I added 2 full inches of solid muscle to my arms, 4 inches to my chest, broadened my shoulders fantastically and transformed my whole physical appearance in just five short weeks... and I want to prove it can be done by anyone who wants impressive rippling muscles that burst with vitality, fitness and lifetime strength! TENSILE CONTRACTION® reveals the amazing shortcut to a weightlifters physique without weights... without barbells... and without exhausting exercise. Results are guaranteed many times faster. So far, I have tested TENSILE CONTRACTION® on 200 high school students and 150 laborers. THE RESULTS HAVE BEEN

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Yes, I'm asking you to witness a muscle building miracle ON YOUR OWN BODY. Turn on with fabulous TENSILE CONTRACTION® and slap solid muscle on your arms, chest, shoulders and legs. FAST! Change your weakness into devastating, fearless strength and turn unwanted flab into trim "Mr. Universe" muscle. You have nothing to lose but your skinny body... Send TODAY FOR THIS UNIQUE OFFER JUST 25¢ COIN.

THE BODYBUILDING CENTER Dept. 11821
P.O. Box 146 Brampton, Ont., Canada

Dear Frank:
I enclose 25¢ coin. Count me in on your "Mr. Universe in 35 days" Musclebuilding Secrets. I understand that I am under no obligation and that I may quit TENSILE CONTRACTION® at any time without having to return the course.



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IN ENGLAND. WRITE FRANK RICHARDS. PAN-COMBINE. 24 PEMBRIDGE ROAD. LONDON W11.

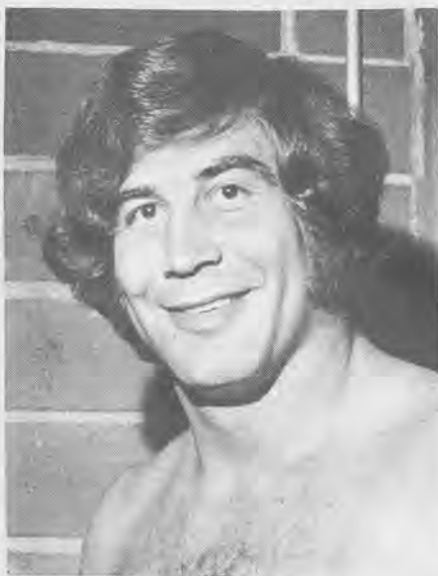
FAN CLUB CORNER

ASK ANY FAN club president why he started a club for his favorite wrestler. He'll probably tell you such things as, "it's fun," or "the wrestler appreciates my helping him."

Well it can be fun and it's a lot of hard work. But does the wrestler really think highly of what you're doing? We thought it would be interesting to ask wrestlers all over the country, "What do you think of fan clubs?" Here are their answers:

BULLDOG BROWER: "Who needs fan clubs? Let me tell you something. I'm in this business to win matches and earn a lot of money. Fans mean nothing to me. I'm not looking to make friends. I don't need any fans—and I mean it!"

JACK BRISCO: "I think fan clubs are a dynamite idea. First of all it's a nice feeling to have a group of people band together to say that they like you by backing you up with a club. Another great thing is that your close fans are always at the arena cheering you on when you need moral support. I'm very proud of the club that was started for me. As a matter of fact, the same group is honoring my brother Jerry. I really want to



Jack Brisco is one grappler who's all for fan clubs. "I think they're a dynamite idea!" Jack exclaimed.

Billy Graham—the Superstar—claims he has so many fans he doesn't know what to do with them all. However, he wonders why they haven't organized themselves into fan clubs as yet. Perhaps it's because he doesn't have as many fans as he likes to think he has!

thank all my fans for this honor."

TONY PARISI: "Fan clubs are okay as long as they're able to be run without having the wrestler being annoyed constantly. I've seen some of my close friends, who someone started a club for, drop it because the club's president wouldn't stop annoying him during his days off. A wrestler doesn't have as much time to give as he'd like. He's got to have a personal life. The person who starts a club must understand this."

BILLY "SUPERSTAR" GRAHAM: "Well, I can't understand why no one has asked me for permission to start a fan club. After all, I have more fans than I know what to do with."

BOBO BRAZIL: "I love fan clubs. Fans are great people and their clubs can help the wrestler in many ways. For example, there are some bulletins put out that let fans in other cities—or countries for that matter—know what you're doing. After all, when you wrestle for many years as I have, you meet a lot of great fans. They usually want to know how you're doing because they feel they've made a friend of you. So the club's bulletin tells them exactly that. I think any wrestler who doesn't like fan clubs is sick!"

Okay gang, There are five wrestlers giving their opinions about fan clubs. Now we'd like to hear from you. What made you start a



club for your favorite wrestler? If you're not a club president—but a member of a club—what made you join one for that particular wrestler? Send us your answers and be as brief as possible please!

FAN CLUB EDITOR
BOX 58

ROCKVILLE CENTRE,
NEW YORK 11571

LATE FAN CLUB ACTION...

Mark Silver has informed us that he's been forced to disband his "Wrestling Scene Fan Club" ... We just received the latest issue of "East Coast Wrestling Results." Steven Silverstein publishes this fine bulletin. To get your copy drop a line to Steve at 4006 Demont Road, Seaford, New York 11783 ... Bunny Conway tells us her Don Muraco fan club is goin' great guns! To join this fine club contact Bunny at 1579 South 72nd Street, West Allis, Wisconsin 53214.

Joe Anthony of KMAC Radio, 509 Howard Street, San Antonio, Texas, would like to hear from any and all avid Johnny Valentine fans. Joe is the prexy of Johnny's club—a very different one too, if we may say. You see there are no bulletins, no dues. All you receive is a membership card stating that you're a Johnny Valentine fan. Sounds great doesn't it!

That's about it for now. We'll see you next time in THE FAN CLUB CORNER! □



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question: What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: What do you mean by a "command of good English"?

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly

and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

Answer: No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: Is this something new?

Answer: Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability,

discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question: How do I know it works?

Answer: There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question: Who are some of these people?

Answer: The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

Question: How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?

Answer: Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer: I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells you how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. 899-30 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Ill. 60060.

No salesman will call

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NEWS FROM THE WRESTLING CAPITALS OF THE WORLD

CAROLINA MAT NEWS

By Ronnie Russell &
Billy Wilds

THREE FEUDS MET head-on in a six-man tag team match at the Ashville, N.C., Arena. On one team—Argentina Apollo, Jim Dillon and Luke Brown. The opposition was supplied by Matti Suzuki, Rock Hunter and "Bad Boy" Billy Hines.

Apollo had a score to settle with the Japanese karate expert, Matti Suzuki. Suzuki almost crippled the popular Argentinian in a single match and Apollo was bent on revenge.

Jim Dillon's feud with Hines has been going on for years. Most of their battles have wound up in double disqualifications.

Luke Brown just plain hates Rock Hunter because he can't stand a rule breaker. Rock is at the top of the list as far as Luke's concerned.

Legal murder was on tap!

Apollo squared off with Suzuki at the start of the match. Suzuki quickly pulled him to a corner, by his trunks of course, where the Argentinian was triple-teamed! Through some miracle Apollo was able to work himself free. He ran to his corner where he tagged Luke Brown. Luke plowed into Suzuki's corner and belted Suzuki and his partners! Then he dragged Suzuki to mid-ring and put on his famous "Chicken Wing" hold—forcing Suzuki to scream "Uncle!"

The second fall saw Apollo go wild and dropkick all three opponents over the top rope and onto the concrete floor. But it was a bad move. Hunter picked up a piece of wood, ran into the ring and slugged Apollo with it. Apollo fell to the mat and Hunter took the second fall.

In the third fall Jim Dillon was mopping the mat up with Suzuki, Hunter and Hines until they managed to trap him in a corner. They smashed his head into the steel ringpost until they split it open.

Blood came pouring out of Jim's forehead. Suzuki, officially in the

ring, bombarded Jim with deadly karate chops. Matti tagged Hunter. Hunter continued to work on opening the wound even further! Big Luke Brown and Apollo became infuriated and charged into the ring. Together they body slammed the "gruesome threesome" and then they dumped them on top of each other—sandwich style. Big Luke ran into the ropes and came back for the rebound—landing on all three opponents! One, two, three! Luke pinned all three of them! It was a win for Apollo, Brown and a very bloody Jim Dillon.

Other action saw Bobby Paul upset Nick Russo... Charlie Fulton stopped Bill Bouman... Joe Turko couldn't take Abe Jacobs.

NEW YORK REPORT

By Ed Manolio &
Nick Barese

It was a very disappointing evening for Manager Lou Albano and a very



Jim Dillon had his head split open by Matt Suzuki, Billy Hines and Rock Hunter when they triple-teamed the blond.

successful evening for Chief Jay Strongbow at Madison Square Garden. Not only did Albano lose a match to Strongbow, which we'll get to in a moment, his two charges, King Curtis and Baron Sicluna, lost the W.W.W.F. tag team title to the combined efforts of Chief Strongbow and Sonny King.

Albano was scheduled to wrestle Gorilla Monsoon. But Monsoon had not yet returned from his month-long trip to Japan because of bad weather—which meant no flights out. Albano, upon hearing this, said "He's chicken! Monsoon planned it this way so he wouldn't have to be humiliated in front of his friends. Him and his friends are all losers—Strongbow, Morales and Rivera!"

Strongbow overheard this and asked promoter Vince McMahon for a chance at Albano.

"What about your tag team match?" the promoter questioned.

"I'll honor that contract also. Let's not disappoint the fans. I'm sure Monsoon would want me to step in for him!"

McMahon gave the Chief the nod and then informed Albano.

"You can't do this! I'm supposed to wrestle Monsoon!" Lou screamed.

"Your contract states you'll wrestle whomever the promoter tells you to," McMahon explained. "You know as well as I do that you signed an open contract. Now you're forced to honor it!"

As Albano and the Chief were standing in the ring, Lou charged the Chief while the Indian was taking off his headdress. Lou tried to tear it to shreds. This burned the Chief up. As soon as the bell rang Strongbow went into his war dance and gave Albano hell!

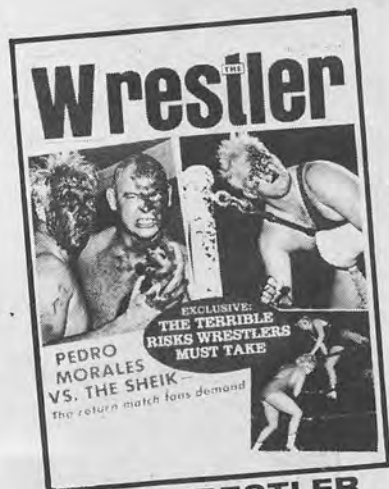
He smashed Albano's face into the turnbuckle 20 times until it was split wide open! The Chief was berserk!

The referee tried to hold him off but he was having too much fun drawing blood from Albano. Finally, the

(Continued on page 64)

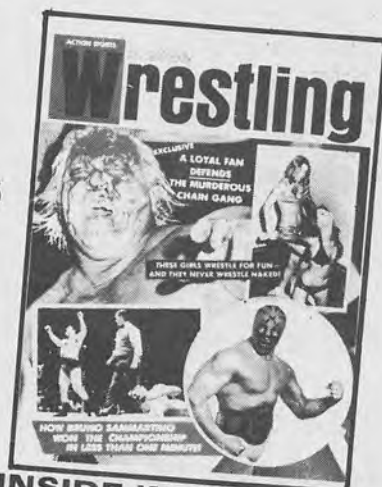
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ADVICE

FROM THE EXPERTS



By VERNE GAGNE
A.W.A. CHAMPION



With this issue we begin a new series called "Advice From The Experts." On a regular basis, either **INSIDE WRESTLING** or **THE WRESTLER** will feature a famous wrestler instructing you on basic holds, maneuvers and escapes. And for our first feature the guest expert is none other than one of the greatest wrestlers of all time—American Wrestling Association heavyweight champion Verne Gagne! Make sure to let us know how you like this new feature—found only in **INSIDE WRESTLING** and **THE WRESTLER**!

TWO BASIC HOLDS that any beginner should learn are the Full Nelson and the Figure-4-Armlock. If you are strong, especially in the upper body and arms, the Full Nelson is of particular importance since it can be used as a submission hold.

To apply the Full Nelson it is best, of course, if you can come up behind your opponent. But that opportunity doesn't often present itself. Therefore, it's best to learn how to spin him around so you can get him into the proper position.

When you're facing your opponent try to pull one of his arms towards you. At the same time you move in the direction opposite to the way you're pulling your



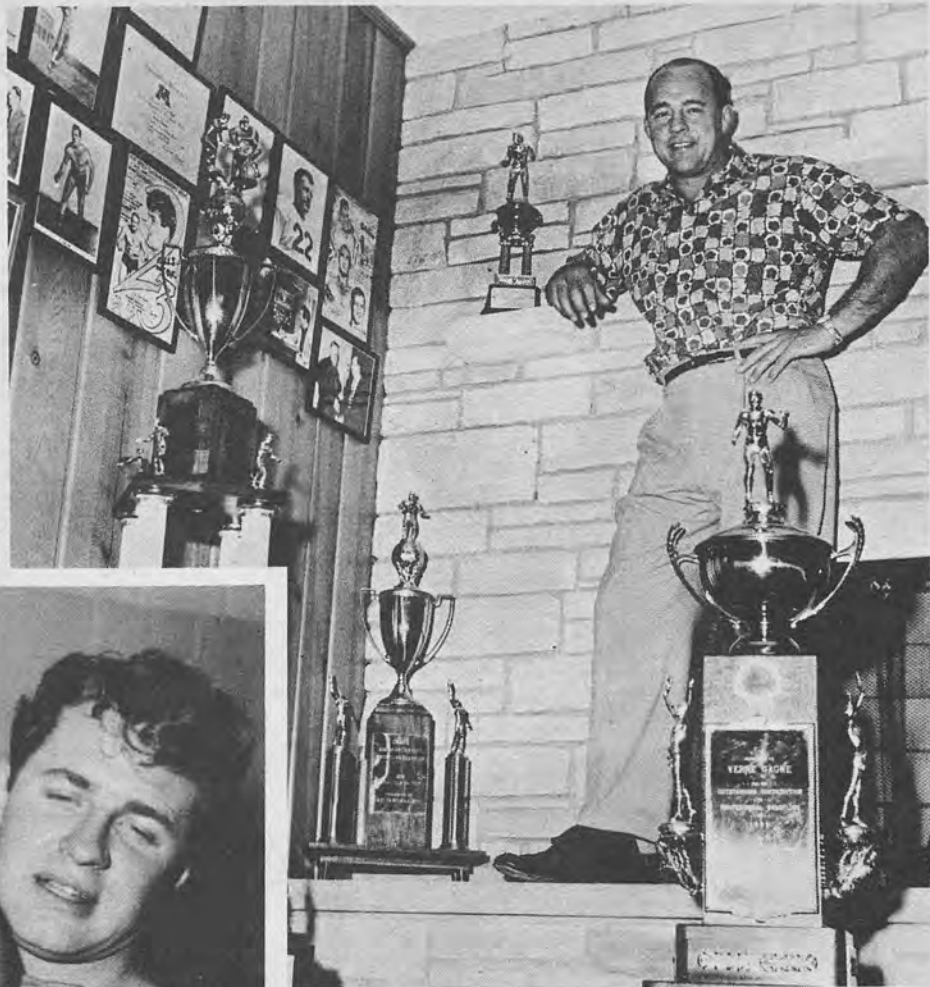
Verne Gagne demonstrates his famous Full Nelson on a willing subject. The Full Nelson is one of the basic holds—one every pro wrestler must know.

opponent. This will result in his being spun around.

Now you're behind your opponent and you want to clamp the Full Nelson on him. Raise his arms so that you can place your arms **under** both of his. Then bring your hands together **behind** his neck. Once in this position you can do two things. You can either interlock your

Verne poses with some of his favorite trophies and momentos he's accumulated over the years (right).

"It all started when I learned the basics," says Verne. Below: The champ demonstrates the very complicated Figure-4-Armlock. "When you can use this hold properly," Verne notes, "you know you're pretty far along the way."



break that grip.

The Figure-4-Armlock is a difficult hold to apply and it'll take a lot of practice before you master it.

Face your opponent or, even better, come at him perpendicularly. Place your arm over his shoulder and bend his arm backwards so that his hand is near his shoulder. Then wrap that same arm around **both** his upper arm (just below his shoulder) and his lower arm (above his wrist). Just before you squeeze his arm in towards you, place your other arm in the crook of his elbow so that when you squeeze his elbow is around your wrist. With that same hand, grab your opposite shoulder while putting the hand of your arm that's wrapped around his arm into the crook of your other elbow.

You should wind up with each of your hands on the shoulder of the other arm and your arms folded. His arm should be caught between your chest and one arm while being wrapped around the other.

As I said, it's a complicated hold—especially to describe—but one that's good to have in your repertoire.

But remember—every hold you'll see described in this series is potentially dangerous. If you want to try them, make sure you do it without applying any pressure. □

fingers and push your opponent's head forward with your hands and wrists or you can interlock your arms (right hand on left forearm and vice versa) and use forearm power to push his head forward.

The second method enables you to put more pressure on but it is easier to get out of since your forearms tend to get slippery with sweat and a strong man can



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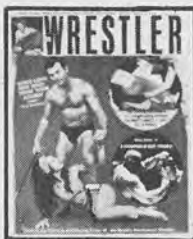
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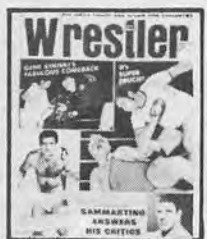
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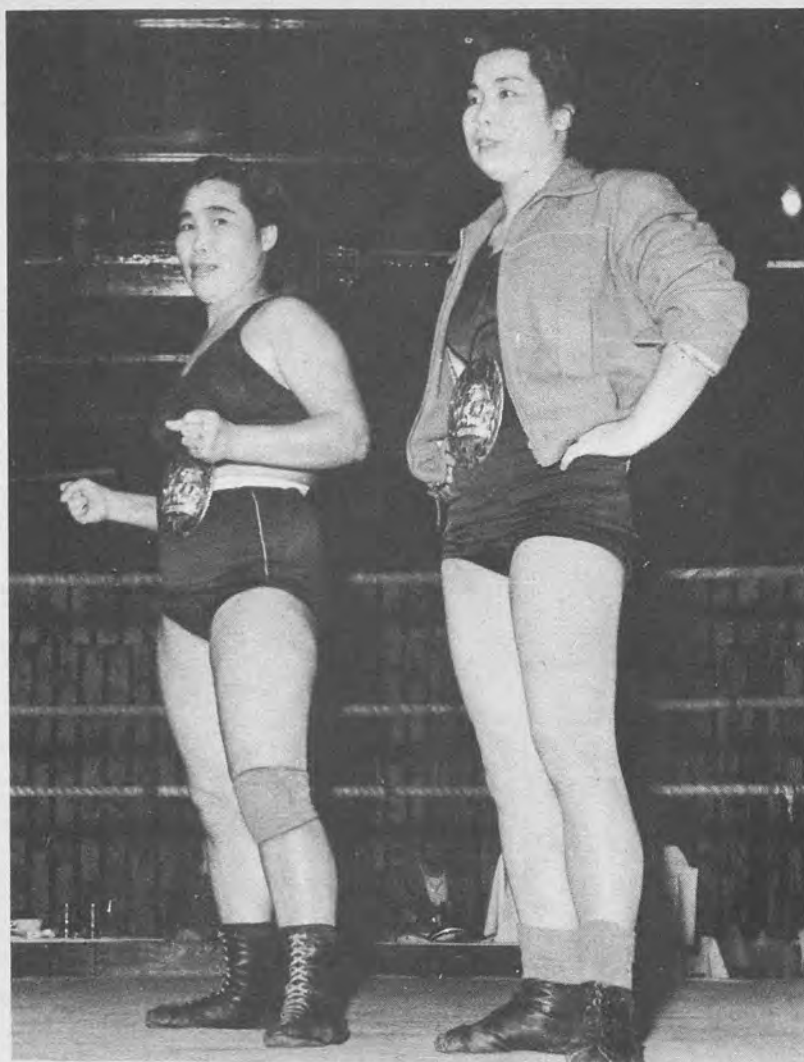
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The girls' tag team title in Japan is held by Yoko Tumaki and Myoshi Edo (right), who are known as "The Kamikaze Sisters." Below: Kiochi Matsumari is about to lose her head.



SPECIAL REPORT:

GIRL WRESTLING

in our quest to BRING you the greatest wrestling coverage in the world inside wrestling is proud to present this exclusive report from our tokyo correspondent toshi suzuma. it's the kind of in-depth feature you'll find in no other magazine!

By TOSHI SUZUMA Tokyo Correspondent

SINCE AFTER WORLD War II Japan has had girl wrestling. But until recently it has been something that has been hidden, kept secret. It was not considered an "honorable" profession for proper Japanese women.

But with the increasing popularity

of girl wrestling in the United States, Japanese girl wrestling has come out of the shadows and into the limelight. And many Japanese fans are saying "It's about time!"

The Japanese are quite quick to imitate American institutions. American rock music is what's most listen-

ed to on radios and American fashions are more in style than the traditional Japanese clothes. Whenever the Americans come out with something new the Japanese are quick to copy it.

Therefore, it comes as no surprise that girl wrestling is sweeping Japan.

Believe it or not, this is only a training session (right) between Koichi Matsumari and Reiko Situ. Below: Koichi (dark suit) is the darling of Japanese wrestling fans. She and Reiko tell our reporter about the problems girl grapplers in Japan have. Koichi's parents almost disowned her for bringing "dishonor" on the family when they found out about her unusual occupation.



IN JAPAN

Reiko turns the tables on her opponent and applies a pretty sophisticated body scissors. Koichi kicked out—the proper way to escape a body scissors—and her coach was pleased.

And much like the early days of American girl wrestling the female grapplers tend to be on the hefty side, looking not unlike the caricature of the female Russian tractor drivers. Good-looking, well-shaped gals like Vivian Vachon or Vickie Williams do not yet have Japanese counterparts. And one of the reasons is again—that although it's gaining in popularity, girl wrestling in Japan still has a while to go before gaining full acceptance.

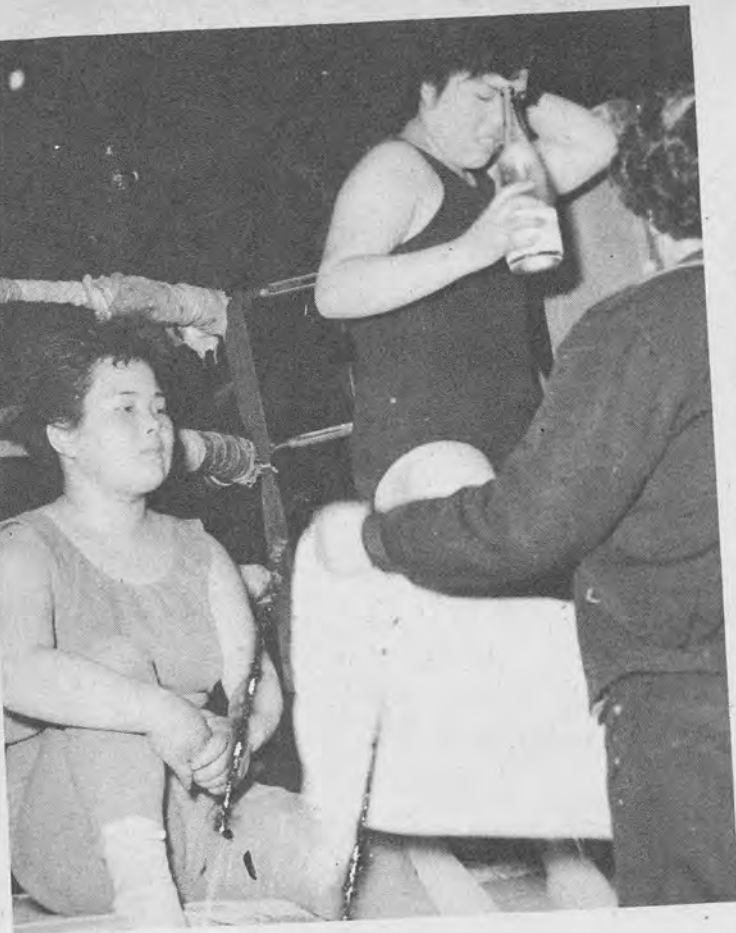
One gal who surely doesn't fit into the typical Japanese girl wrestler category is pretty Koichi Matsumari. Although she's only 5-1 and weighs only

120 pounds, she packs a lot of power into her 34-23-35 frame.

"When I first decided to become a wrestler," she recalled, "my family threatened to disown me. They said it was not an honorable profession for a Japanese girl from a good family. But I'd been to the United States and had an opportunity to talk to some American girl wrestlers. I found out they traveled all over the world and lived an exciting life. It was what I wanted. I hated the thought of being cooped up in an office working as a secretary or something like that. So I became a wrestler. My family is still not too hot on

the idea but as girl wrestling grows in popularity and acceptance their objections will decrease."

One major difference between Japanese girl wrestling and girl wrestling in America is that the Japanese gals belong to clubs and the various clubs compete against each other, much like the college wrestling teams do in American amateur wrestling. Possibly the best among all the clubs is the "All-Japan Wrestling Club" which maintains its own training camp in a Tokyo suburb. This club has produced more champions than any other and plans are being formulated for the girls to take a tour of the



Most of the action in a Japanese girls match (above) takes place on the floor. They're not as adept at gymnastic moves as American women. Left: Japanese gals always have some sort of refreshment between falls of a tag team match. It's a nice tradition.

Just like when the American girls get going, the Japanese girls give referees the same amount of trouble and usually they wind up tangled in the middle of the action. Japanese referees always wear white shirts and the everpresent bowtie.



United States, hopefully wrestling against some of the top American wrestlers.

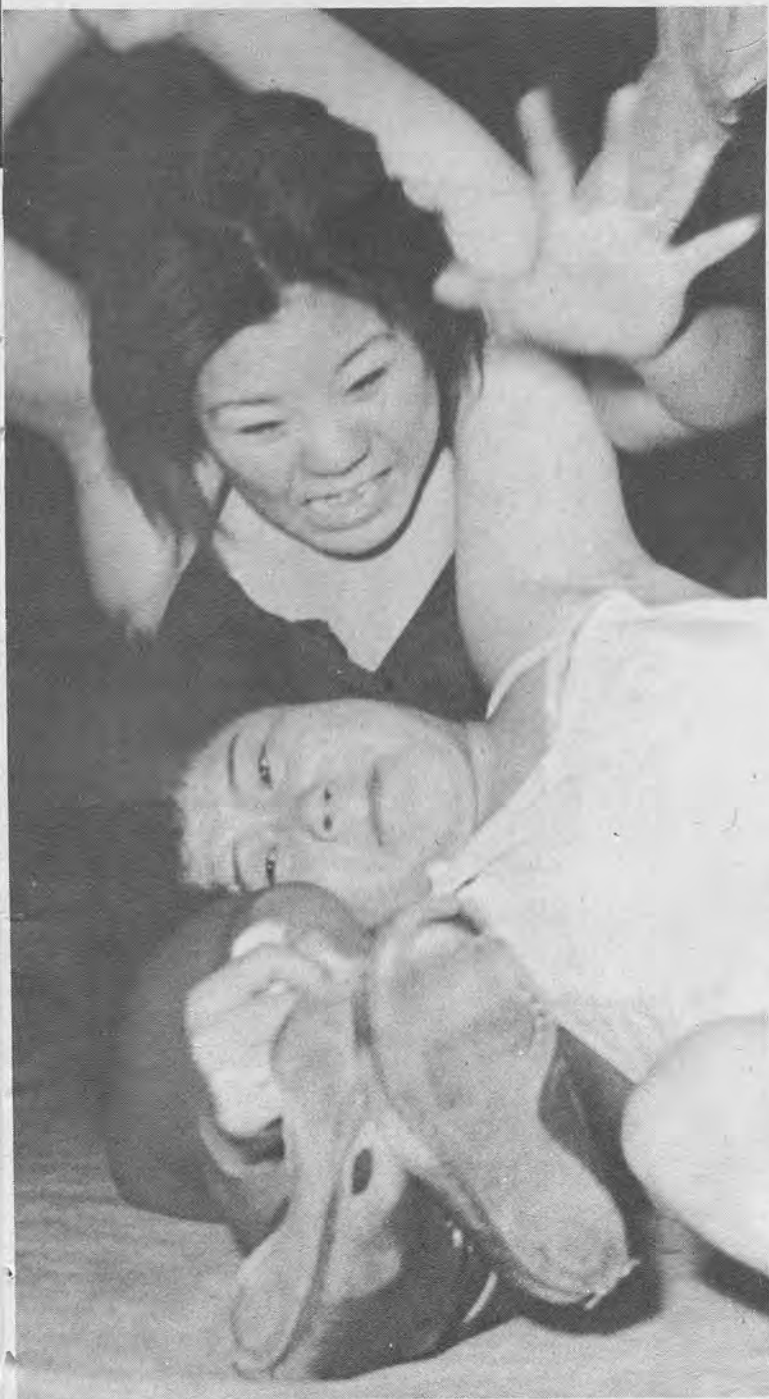
Other differences are easily apparent between the Japanese and American girls. Instead of the type of setup seen around American arenas where the fans sit in rows of seats, the seats closest to the ring in Japan are not seats at all but tables and chairs, which gives the matches more of a night club setting. People sit at the tables and drink beer and munch

snacks as the girls perform in the ring. Sometimes one of the gals gets too boisterous and hurls her opponent out of the ring and onto a table—causing the ringside diner unexpected problems.

Japanese girls do not have the scientific background most American gals have so the majority of the bouts wind up as slugging matches. They do use holds, to be sure, but they aren't as sophisticated as those used by the Americans. Whereas male

Japanese wrestlers are on a par with American wrestlers the females have a lot of catching up to do.

Two who could give most American girls a good battle are Yoko Tumaki and Myoshi Edo, otherwise known as the "Kamikaze Sisters." The best way to describe them is as a female version of the Blackjacks. They are despised wherever they wrestle, not so much for their brutal tactics, but for the way they run down, malign and insult their oppo-



In Japan, girls get trophies for winning their matches (above) quite possibly because the pay scale is hardly what it is in the U.S. Left: But it's obvious the smaller pay scale doesn't dampen their enthusiasm!

ure to develop good quality girl wrestlers was the absence of schools in which the girls could learn the sport. Invariably the girls had to pick up their knowledge from watching male wrestlers and from unsanctioned matches against each other. Not since the famous Pan Ikari began his wrestling clubs (like the All Japan Women's Club) did young girls have a place to go to learn the trade.

"And it's still pretty restricted," said Miko Sarazawa, known as the "Dragon Lady." "None of the newspapers or magazines ever cover girl wrestling and the only time new girls hear about us is if they happen to come to one of the matches or if they see a sign for one of the clubs. If you took a street poll among 100 girls you picked at random I bet not more than 10 know that there is such a thing as girl wrestling. They know all about the men because it's one of the biggest sports we have. But the girls are being hushed up.

"Just about the only place we can work is Tokyo because Tokyo is a wide open city where you can do anything. But if you go into the countryside or into the smaller cities you won't find girl wrestling. Many places have banned us. That's where the traditionalists live and they think

(Continued on page 65)

nents during radio and TV interviews—something considered in very poor taste in Japan. But the Kamikaze Sisters are the Women's tag team champions and look like they'll be holding onto that title for some time.

One of the most popular wrestlers in Japan is El Sicodelico, brother of the famous Mil Mascaras. Sicodelico was in the audience during a recent girls card and noted some interesting comparisons.

"I'm amazed at how much the Japanese girls have improved just during the time I've been here," the masked man observed. "But they still have a long way to go to catch the American girls. However, one place where I think they've already caught them is in brutality. These girls go all out to win and they'll stop at nothing. But I think they'd be in trouble if they ran up against a quick, scientific American girl like Ann Casey."

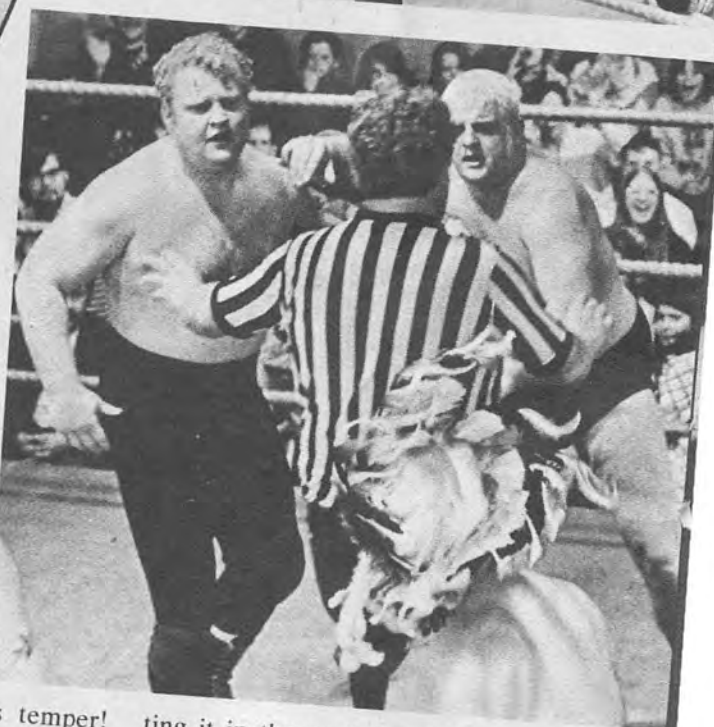
One major reason for Japan's fail-

Why Chief Wahoo Says:

"I'M MY OWN



Chief Wahoo (left) admits he has trouble controlling his temper and it has cost him many matches. Below: Chief Wahoo waits for his opponent to get back up as the referee tolls the count over him.



FOR MOST WRESTLERS their goal is the world's heavyweight championship. But not for Chief Wahoo McDaniel. Because Chief Wahoo knows that there's something else he's got to do first if he ever hopes to win the world title.

"My number one goal in life is to learn to control my temper," Wahoo admitted during an interview in a Minneapolis TV studio. "Although I've been very successful in this sport I feel I could be even more successful if only I can learn to control my temper. You might say I'm my own worst enemy."

Wahoo is basically a scientific grappler. Yet he gets disqualified more often than any other "clean"

Referee holds Larry Hennig and Dusty Rhodes as they try to attack Wahoo, who ran into the ring to help two wrestlers Hennig and Rhodes were terrorizing.

wrestler. The reason? His temper! "I don't know how many dollars I've paid in fines for interfering in other matches," he stated glumly. "I can't seem to mind my own business. If I'm watching a match in which some poor guy is really get-

ting it in the neck from some dirty creep like Dusty Rhodes or Larry Hennig or Lars Anderson or someone like that you can bet that ol' Wahoo will be running into that ring sooner or later. I can't help it. I just can't stand to see anybody get

WORST ENEMY!"



Nobody denies that Chief Wahoo McDaniel has all the requirements necessary to become a world champion. But there's a serious flaw in the Chief's armor—a flaw that could prevent him from ever becoming a champion!

tortured."

For someone who has reached the top in America's two most violent sports, professional football and professional wrestling, Chief Wahoo is an unusually gentle person. And like most gentle people he has

great compassion for the underdog.

"I guess it comes from when I was a kid," Wahoo said. "I used to go out hunting with my uncle. We'd hunt like our people did years ago. With bow and arrow. And if we hit an animal we made sure we didn't

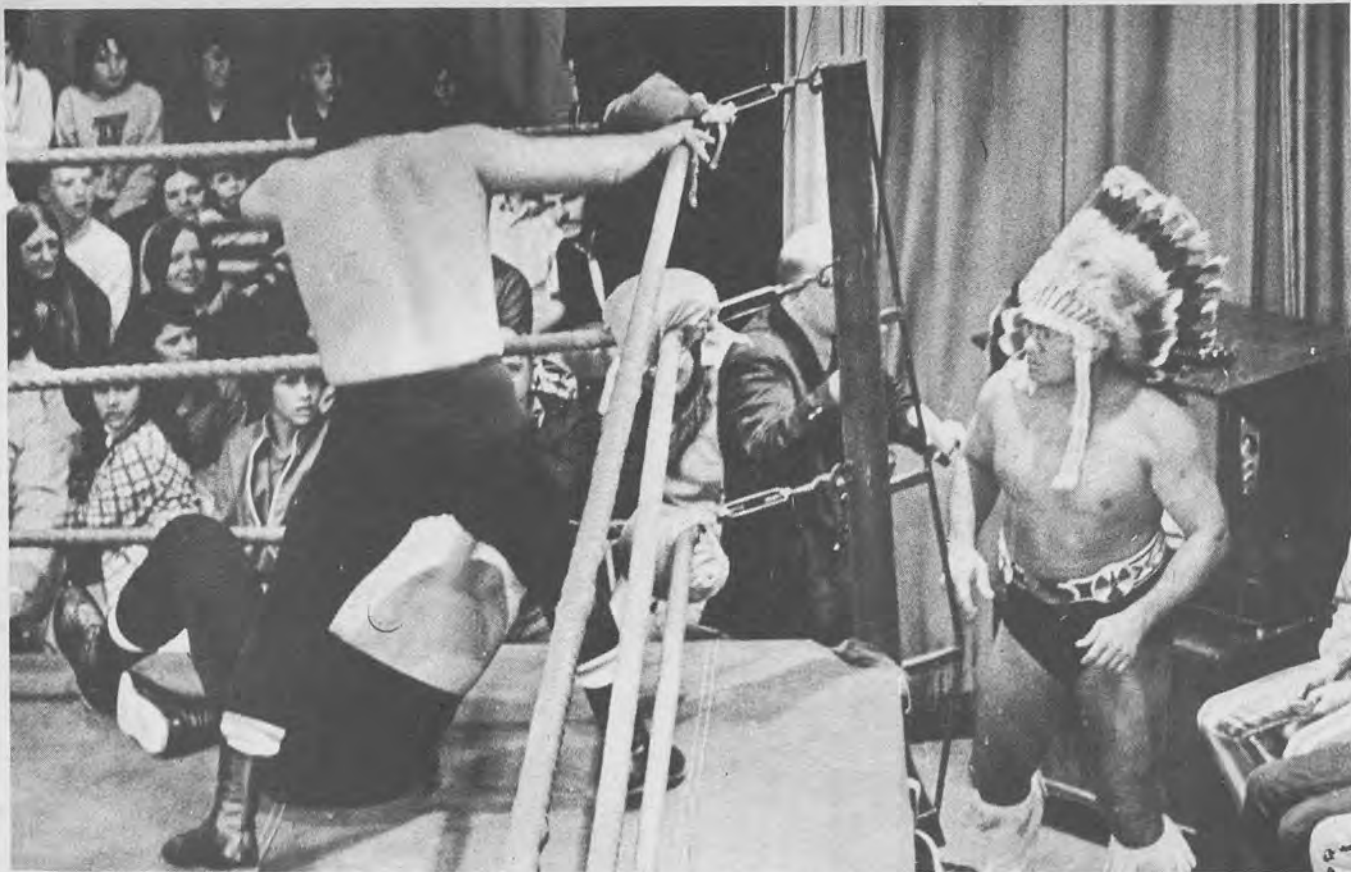
Dusty Rhodes (left) is about to crash his elbow down onto John Smith's head, which is being held by Larry Hennig. When Wahoo saw this he ran in to help Smith. Below: Wahoo tomahawk chops his opponent after his temper got the better of him.



leave it lying wounded somewhere. We'd take it home, skin it and eat the meat.

"But I saw many people hunt animals with rifles. They'd kill for the sake of killing. They didn't know what hunting was about. If they wounded an animal they'd just let it go rather than chase it. I came across many wounded animals so-called hunters had shot. It was a terrible thing to watch. Out of that I guess I developed a respect for life and a hatred of unnecessary torture. I just can't stand it when I see a person or animal being tortured.

"It carries over into wrestling. I know I have no business running into the ring and interfering in some-



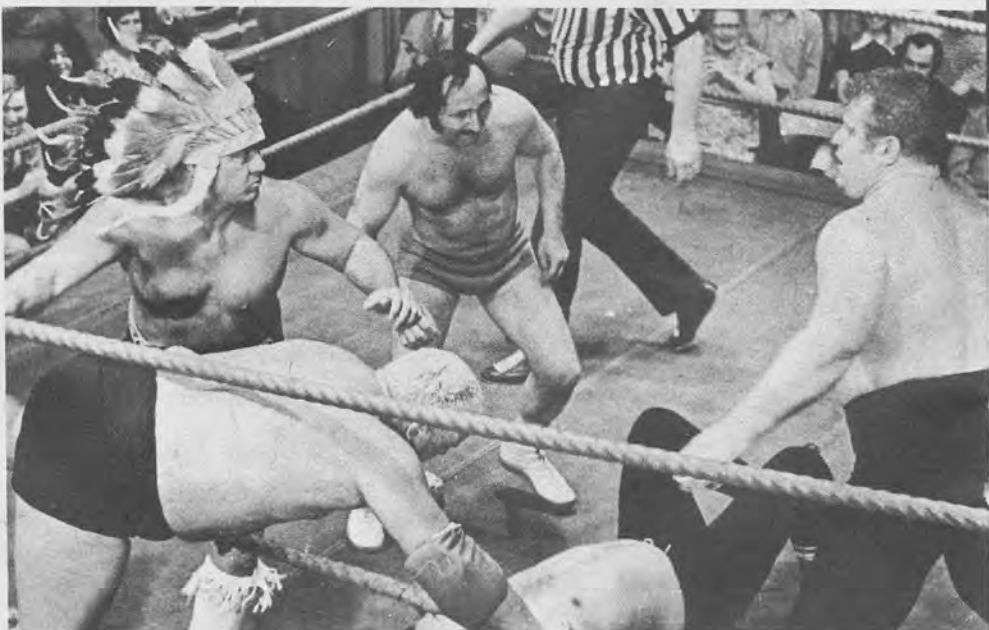
body else's match no matter how badly he's being beaten. He's in there because he's a professional and that means he can take care of himself. I realize that what I do is wrong. But when I'm sitting there watching someone like Heenan or the Blackjacks brutally torture another wrestler I can't think logically. My instincts take over and I go in to help out.

"The same thing happens in my own matches as well. I enter every match with one thought in mind. I will wrestle clean. I keep saying to myself that no matter what my opponent does I will not lower myself to his level. But invariably he gouges my eyes or hits me low or uses a foreign object and—*Boom*—there goes my temper. I become a wild Indian."

Chief Wahoo will never forget one incident when his temper cost him a shot at the world title. It was in 1970 and there was an elimination tournament in St. Louis with the winner getting a crack at Dory Funk Jr. in a title match. Both Wahoo and his tag team partner at that time, Johnny Valentine, entered the tournament. As it turned out, Chief Wahoo and Johnny wound up meeting in the finals.

"It felt kind of strange wrestling Johnny," the Chief recalls, "but we

Chief Wahoo (above), watches Hennig and Rhodes work an opponent over and he just can't stand it. He got up and ran into the ring almost starting a riot. Below: Still wearing his headdress, McDaniel is in the middle of things with Rhodes, Hennig and the rejuvenated Smith.



both wanted that title shot bad... real bad... so we knew it would be a tough match even though we were friends. Midway through the bout Johnny gave me a knee low in my stomach. I thought I was fouled. Then he did it again. I complained to the referee but he said it looked legal to him. When he did it a third time I blew my top. I started slug-

ging him and wouldn't stop. I wound up getting disqualified and blew my big chance. And this was against my tag team partner!

"As you may remember, Johnny came within an eyelash of defeating Dory. To this day I still feel that if it had been me in there I'd have beaten Funk.

"The worst thing about it was that



The referee warns Chief Wahoo that if he doesn't get out of the ring and stop interfering he'd be fined. He didn't get out right away and it did cost him. He was suspended for a week and it cost him \$500.

I held no ill will against Johnny. He swore he wasn't trying to foul me and the whole incident was forgotten 10 minutes after the match ended. But that one blow-up cost me a title shot."

Wahoo's most recent temper outburst came in May. It cost the Chief \$500 and a week's suspension.

"We were doing TV matches in Minneapolis and I was scheduled to appear in the final one. Before my match, Larry Hennig and Dusty Rhodes were wrestling two guys I can't even remember. Since there were interviews before that match I figured I might as well stay out there and watch it instead of going

back to the dressing room.

"That was a mistake! Sure enough, Hennig and Rhodes started in with their usual rough stuff. I mean they were really puttin' it to those poor guys. I was sitting at ringside and I was actually holding a conversation with myself. I kept telling myself 'Stay out of it. It's none of your business.'"

"It didn't work. The referee wasn't doing a thing to stop Hennig and Rhodes. I couldn't stand to watch it anymore. I ran in and went after Hennig and Rhodes. Did a nice job on them too. But it cost me a week's suspension and five big ones."

Wahoo's temper is well known

among his counterparts. Johnny Valentine, who knows Wahoo as well as anyone, insists it's the only thing holding him back from becoming a champion.

"He has all the tools," Valentine said. "He's strong, quick, knows the holds, has a good sense of pace and has every attribute a champion should have. But as long as he fails to curb his temper he'll never be a champion. There's a difference between bending the rules and going berserk. A wrestler who's a rule-breaker knows *how* to break the rules. He knows when the referee's not watching. He knows how to position his opponent so that his body is between him and the referee. It may sound strange but there's an art to bending the rules. And if you don't know it you'll get caught every time.

"Because Wahoo is basically a clean wrestler, he always gets caught whenever he loses his temper and wrestles dirty. He doesn't know how to wrestle dirty and get away with it. He just goes berserk. That's why he's always paying fines. I once told him I'd like to have 10 percent of every nickel he's ever paid in fines. I'd be a wealthy man today."

The worst thing about Wahoo's inability to control his temper is that there seems to be no solution. "I know what's wrong," he says, "you know what's wrong and the other wrestlers know what's wrong. We *all* know what the problem is. But what's the solution? I've tried everything. It's just my personality that makes me the way I am. How can you change something that's born in you? When I was playing football and something like this happened I had 10 other guys on the field to grab me and calm me down before I did anything rash. At worse I'd pick up a 15-yard penalty. But here there's nobody to stop me. And so far I haven't been able to stop myself."

Someone suggested that Chief Wahoo get a manager, someone who can be with him at all times and try to restrain him when he begins losing his temper. The Chief says it'll never work. "If I get angry enough," he chuckled, "I'd wind up belting him too!"

The Big K holds up the arm of Ivan Koloff (right), his current sensation. The Big K is the number one manager when it comes to importing international talent to the U.S. and Canada. Below: The Grand Wizard is the only top manager who didn't get his start as a pro wrestler.



HOW TO BECOME A MANAGER

***"To be conscious of your ignorance is the first step to knowledge"—
Wild Red Berry***

WE RECENTLY RECEIVED a letter from a young man noting that we've printed stories about how to become a wrestler. But, as the young man pointed out, not everyone will grow big and strong enough to be able to make professional wrestling his career. And what happens if you love wrestling so much you're anxious to stay in it in any capacity? Perhaps, the writer suggested, we could tell him how to become a manager.

To do this we went to some of the best managers in the business. And we were as surprised as you'll be when you find out what's needed to be one of those colorful third men

in the ring.

"The first thing I should tell anyone interested in becoming a manager is that 90 percent of the managers are former wrestlers," said Lou Albano, a man who has managed more champions than any other manager in history. "Most of these men were great stars in their own right. The one exception I can think of is the Grand Wizard. However, for a period of 23 years the Grand Wizard watched wrestling, studied wrestling and analyzed wrestling and became a top manager. But he is an exception. Therefore, I'd say to any young man who wants to get into this end of the business that he should first

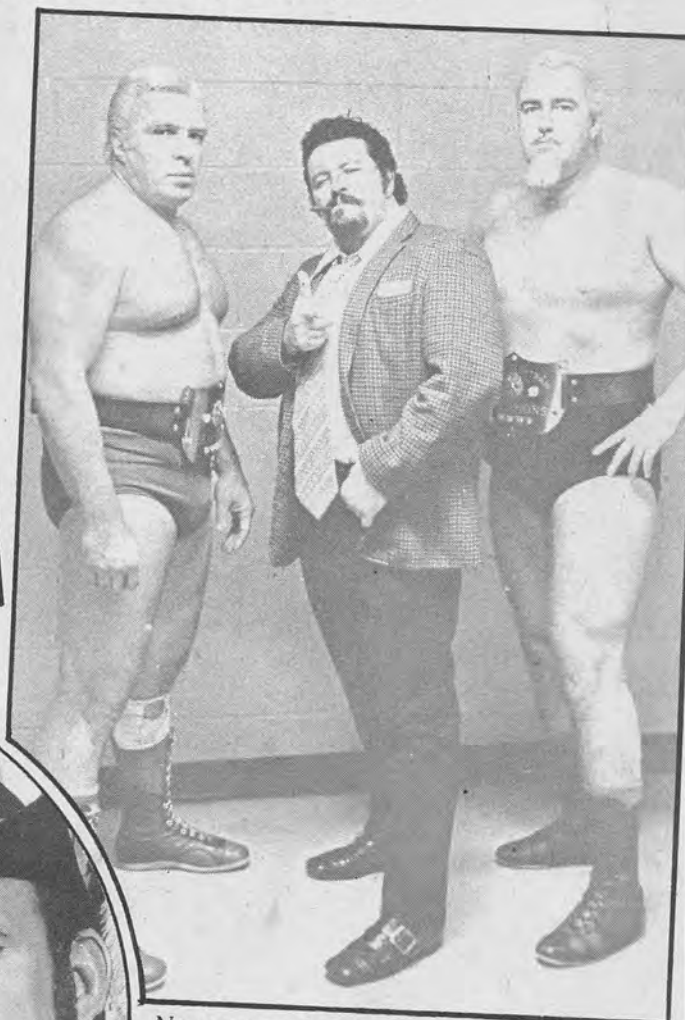
have a solid wrestling background. He should be in amateur wrestling and perhaps try to get into professional wrestling. He should learn the holds, the moves and the takedowns *before* he contemplates going into this end of the sport.

"Even if you have a case such as the boy who wrote that he was too small my advice is the same. He should get himself an amateur background. There are 130-pound classes in school. You don't have to be big to go into amateur wrestling and there he'd get a basis of holds and movements and from there he could move into the managerial end."

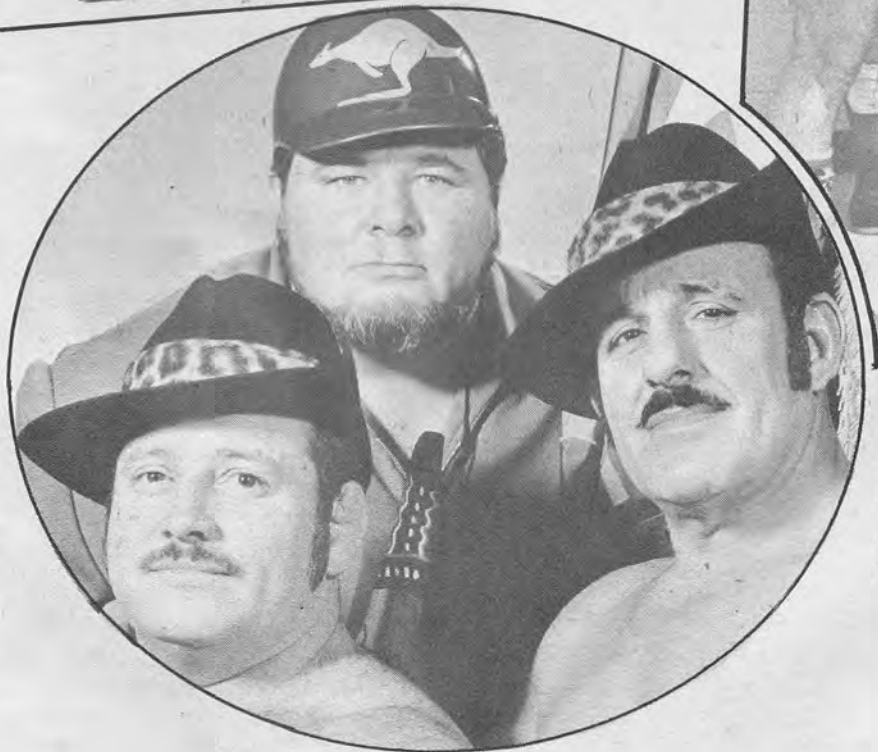
Lou Albano is an example of a man



The original Fabulous Kangaroos pose with Wild Red Berry, the man who discovered them and brought them world-wide fame and fortune. Berry is considered the greatest manager in wrestling history and he even wrote a book on his philosophy of life.



No manager has had as many different champions as Lou Albano (above), who handled former W.W.W.F. tag team champions Tarzan Tyler and "Crazy" Luke Graham. Left: George "Crybaby" Cannon handles the current tag team world champions—the new Kangaroos.



who cut short a great wrestling career to become a manager. Unlike some counterparts, he'd gotten neither too old nor too badly injured nor anything else that might make a man hang up his wrestling boots. Why did Lou do it?

"Only for one reason," he replied quickly, "the money. I realized that as a manager the money was twice what I would make as a wrestler. When you can make twice the money

and take half the bruises it seems like a good arrangement."

Like many managers Lou Albano did begin as an amateur wrestler and advanced to professional status. But becoming a professional wrestler doesn't automatically mean you can become a manager. There's a lot of work still to be done.

"Once you establish yourself and get a reputation as a good wrestler—knowing the holds, knowing the

moves, knowing the different manipulations—then you have to be able to go out and contact other wrestlers and sign them to contracts. You have to know how to draw up and understand contracts. You have to know how to negotiate with people. You have to learn who the promoters are and how to go about booking your men. You have to have a little knowledge of psychology too. You have to convince a wrestler that you can advance his career and you have to convince promoters that your wrestlers will help him sell tickets."

Most people think wrestling managers are little more than publicity agents or guys who stand in the cor-



Managers often make great sacrifices for their wrestlers. Above: Abdullah Farouk teams with The Sheik in a tag team match. Below: Abdullah doesn't make out too well. He was carried from the ring after being knocked unconscious.



George Cannon tries a little choke hold on the Medic. Most managers still wrestle to keep up with the latest techniques and innovations.

ner and interfere with the matches. But there's quite a bit more to it than that. Lou Albano is up at eight in the morning and often doesn't get to sleep until well past midnight.

"I don't wish to disclose what any other manager does," Lou explained, "but as for myself I handle my men in my own way. I get them up, get them out for roadwork and calisthenics and get them to the gym for daily training sessions. In addition, I work out a different training program for each man. Some men work with weights and some don't. Some wrestle in training and some just exer-

cise. When I'm not doing that I'm on the phone with promoters handling bookings, watching where my men wrestle, who they wrestle and how they wrestle.

"I also keep all the financial records and tax statements. I make all the travel arrangements. And when you handle as many champions as I do that can be complicated. I keep full records on every man I manage and they have to be right because the government checks them closely."

Sometimes there isn't enough time in the day for Lou Albano. Specifi-

cally, he may have one champion wrestling in one city and another somewhere else.

"I work with whichever men are in the main event," Albano explained, "because that's where there's the most at stake. But I always make sure I'm giving an ample amount of time to each of my men so they can benefit from my knowledge."

In addition to all these chores Lou often goes on scouting trips searching for new talent. For example, he found his former World Wide Wrestling Federation champions—Tarkan Tyler and Luke Graham—wrestling each other in a gym in Japan and he decided to team them up. Every vacation turns into a scouting trip.

"When I go to a wrestling match I'm not only watching my champions but I'm scouting other men as well," Lou observed. "I watch a man and judge him on speed, agility, power, strength, go-behind, take-down, the ability to win, and mainly I look for intestinal fortitude. Once I find a man like that and sign him I do not try to change him. That's a mistake many managers make. I just try to

(Continued on page 54)

Why Bearcat Wright Says...



"BOBBY SHANE IS A NO-GOOD LYING CREEP!"

"I'd like to take that Miss Sherri across my knee and spank her!"
—Bearcat Wright

Bearcat Wright is on his own (above) as Bobby Shane cowers behind Miss Sherri. "He always hides behind her," Wright said. Right: Bobby reaches over to tag Bearcat but Wright coolly leans back out of tagging range with his hands gripping the post.



Miss Sherri helps Bobby with his cape as Bearcat looks on. Note the expression on the Bearcat's face. Boy! If looks could kill Bobby'd be a dead man. Despite his promise, Shane never did hire a valet for Wright. It was one reason behind their split.

BEARCAT WRIGHT AND Bobby Shane are no longer Florida's most hated tag team. Nope. They haven't mended their ways and adopted a scientific style of grappling. As a matter of fact, they're still torturing opponents in their own inimitable way. But now they're doing it individually.

Bobby Shane and Bearcat Wright, once good friends and former holders of the Florida tag team title have split up. And what's more, Wright has made it very clear he'd like to cripple Shane and "end that liar's career" once and for all!

Wright, now wrestling in California, claims he was pressured to leave Florida after splitting with Shane. Bobby, on the other hand, claims Bearcat left because "he realized this state wasn't big enough for the both of us and he ran out before I got the chance to chase him out."

"Shane packs quite a wallop down there," Bearcat said during an interview in our west coast office. "He

knows the right people and pulls a lot of strings. Believe me I didn't leave on my own. I was forced out by the Florida Commission. They suspended me. I'm sure Shane is behind the whole thing. I don't know what he told them but it evidently worked. I was suspended for no good reason."

Wright, normally an easy-going individual, must have been pretty riled up to make a charge like that against his former friend. But when he explained what started the split it was easy to understand his anger.

"That damn broad Miss Sherri started the whole thing," Bearcat said. "She's nothing but trouble. She's got Shane wrapped around her little finger. He'll do anything she wants. And what she wanted was to split us up. She's been trying to do that ever since we joined up in the first place.

"It goes as far back as when I first ran into that skunk Shane. He had a match scheduled against Jack Brisco, who at that time held the Florida championship. A few minutes before the match Bobby looked kind of sick. He threw up in the dressing room and was in no shape to wrestle. 'I don't think I can wrestle tonight,' he told Sherri. 'Ask around and see if you can find someone to substitute for me.' After two or three guys turned her down she asked me. I agreed to take his place. Before the match Shane came over to me and said if I won he was gonna 'do big things' for me. Since I was new in Florida I needed all the help I could get to establish myself. His offer appealed to me and he really seemed like a right guy.

"To make a long story short, I wrestled Brisco to a draw—not bad for a last-minute substitute. When I got back to the dressing room Shane was waiting for me. 'I like the way you work, Bearcat,' he told me. 'Stick with me and I'll make you a millionaire. As a matter of fact, I'm looking for the right partner to team with to get the Florida State belts and I think you're my man.' Well I was flattered. But when I looked over at Miss Sherri she was fuming.

"'What's the matter, baby?' Shane asked her. Her answer really knocked me for a loop. 'You and I are a team, Bobby,' she said. 'I refuse to serve as valet for anyone else but you.'

"That bugged me. I mean I didn't even ask her to be my valet. I told



Bearcat moves to tag Bobby (left) but Shane, who looks panicky at the thought of going into the ring and doing some wrestling, holds his arm in the air so the Bearcat can't tag him. Below: Shane finally gets in and Bob Roop knocks his eyes up into his skull with an elbow smash.



Shane that I didn't want any part of a valet who didn't want any part of me. 'It's okay, Bearcat,' he told me. 'You'll get a valet of your own. I'll even pay her salary.'

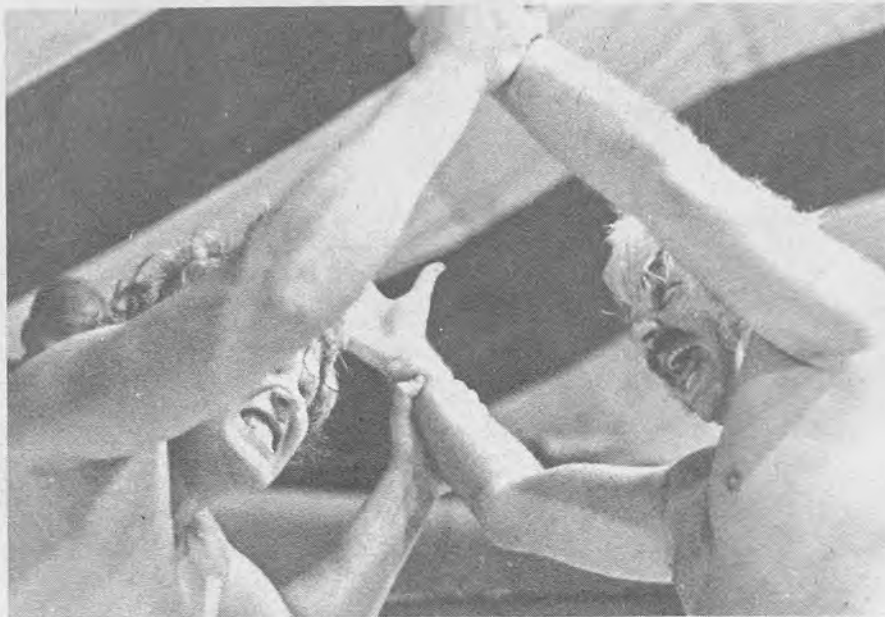
"Well that sounded good to me. Here in one night Shane gave me a chance to wrestle the state champion, took me in as a tag team partner and even agreed to pay for a valet for me. It looked like a dynamite deal.

"Our first match was a gem. We

really worked well together. But something kept bothering me. I felt like a fifth wheel. You know the old saying about two's company and three's a crowd. Well with Sherri around all the time I felt like the third party on a double date. Shane wouldn't do a thing without her. She was the center of attention at all times, the spoiled brat. I asked him about my valet. He promised he'd find one. And that's what he did. Promise. Whenever I asked he always



Two fans let Bearcat Wright know what they think of him (above) for joining a man like Shane. This was before the split. Left: Bobby and Bob Roop struggle in mid-ring during the match that cost Shane the championship.



Monti said. "He just looks out for himself and Miss Sherri. He used you Bearcat just like he's used other guys before. You were his ticket to the tag team title."

Bearcat realized Monti was laying the truth on him but he decided to stick with Shane mainly because of the pride involved in being one half of the tag team champions. But then things got even worse.

"It seems I was the whole team," Wright recalled. "Shane rarely went into the ring. He was scared of losing. He figured that if anyone should lose it should be me. Then he'd have an excuse for having lost the title. But I got smart. Fast.

"We were wrestling Bob Roop and Louie Tillet one night. Everytime I tried to tag off to Shane he ignored me. He purposely looked the other way and threw kisses to Sherri just to annoy me. I wound up wrestling 90 percent of the match by

(Continued on page 63)

found another excuse to put it off.

"A few weeks later we won the Florida tag team title. I was making good money but I still wasn't satisfied. He still didn't find me a valet. Two girls I recommended he turned down because they were 'inexperienced.' Finally I blew my top.

"I told him I met a girl the other night and she volunteered to be my valet and that I was going to have her in the ring with me that night whether he liked it or not. 'No you're

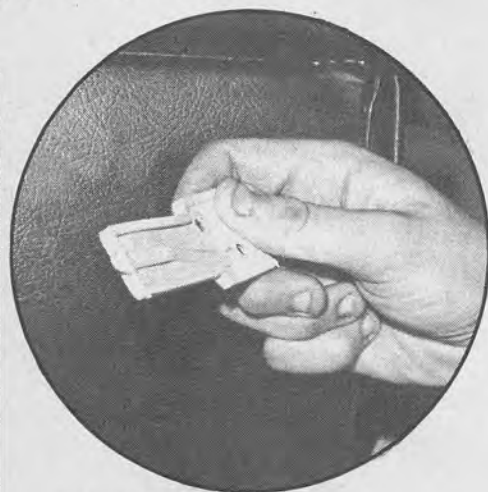
not!' he screamed. 'You'll do what I say! I've made you into a big star and look at the gratitude I get. No other girl is going to steal the limelight from my Sherri and that's final!'

"I felt like slugging him right there. If there's anything I hate it's someone who makes a promise to a friend and has no intention of keeping it."

Bearcat told the story of what happened to Frank Monti, one of the Alaskans. "That's typical of Shane,"

CHIEF JAY

In a recent issue of **INSIDE WRESTLING** we published a story that drew more mail and evoked a greater response than any other in our entire history. And as we promised, we followed the story through to bring you this dramatic conclusion:



Chief Jay Strongbow (left) is holding the controversial knife (above), but it was ruled that King Curtis brought it in first. Below: The picture that lost the case for Curtis shows him hiding the knife behind his back as Terry Terranova looks away.

CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW sat nervously in the hard, wooden chair. He stared at his shoes and tried to manage a half-hearted smile as a few people greeted him. He was obviously nervous... more nervous, he would later tell us, than he'd ever been before any match.

This was judgment day for the Chief. It was the day the World Wide Wrestling Federation would disclose its ruling in the now-famous case of "Who Brought The Knife Into The Ring?" If the Chief's appeal wasn't upheld it would mean he would carry a disqualification for bringing a foreign object into the ring on his record for the rest of his life—plus a \$500 fine and a week's suspension. If his appeal won it would reaffirm his belief in the American justice system. Although much of the evidence had pointed against him the Chief never wavered in his claim of innocence.

In contrast, on the other side of the W.W.W.F. office, Lou Albano and King Curtis sat, legs crossed, joking and smiling. They were the



picture of confidence. "Why shouldn't we be confident?" Albano told us in the hall before going into the office. "We got that half-breed Redskin dead to rights. It'll be a pleasure watching him squirm. Maybe he'll pay his fine in wampum. Ha!"

Ever since the story of the

W.W.W.F. hearing appeared in the June issue of **INSIDE WRESTLING** this magazine, the W.W.W.F. offices and Strongbow's mailbox have all overflowed with mail.

"In all my years in this sport I've never seen anything like the reaction we got when that story appeared."

STRONGBOW GETS REVENGE



Two pictures supplied as evidence by fans show King Curtis with a foreign object (a chain) in his match against Victor Rivera. Right: This startling closeup catches King Curtis with the goods. This proved Curtis' predisposition to use foreign objects.



said Mike Rosenberg, promoter of the match in question, and a W.W.W.F. official. "I personally was presented with a petition from fans who saw the match at Sunnyside Gardens. We received letters from fans who were there asking to testify on the Chief's behalf. Many of them sent pictures. All that material was turned over to the W.W.W.F."

Many of the pictures sent in to the W.W.W.F. as well as to the INSIDE WRESTLING office clearly showed Curtis holding the knife. But it would still be up to the W.W.W.F. to decide.

A door opened and three well-dressed men in suits somberly walked in. Across the room Albano shot a

wink. He was still quite confident. One of the officials stood up with a paper in his hand and began to read.

"The matter of the case of Chief Jay Strongbow has been fully adjudicated by the executive board of the World Wide Wrestling Federation after the hearing held in these offices one month ago. After weighing all the evidence and reviewing all the testimony presented in this case it is the considered opinion of the W.W.W.F. that Chief Jay Strongbow was unfairly disqualified. Strongbow is therefore considered not guilty and all charges against him will be dropped.

"Because of the testimony and evidence we reviewed, including mate-

rial received after the initial hearing, we believe the referee, through no fault of his own, made an error in judgment resulting in the disqualification of Mr. Strongbow. Since he could not have seen what was happening no charges shall be brought against him. This matter is dismissed."

While Albano and Curtis just sat there—stunned—the Chief was busy laughing and smiling and shaking hands with friends. It was a happy scene... happy for everyone except Albano and Curtis.

The full statement issued by the Federation was passed around and on it was noted that two of the reasons for Strongbow's getting cleared were

Lou Albano is sent running for the hills by Chief Jay Strongbow when the Chief substituted for Gorilla Monsoon to get revenge.

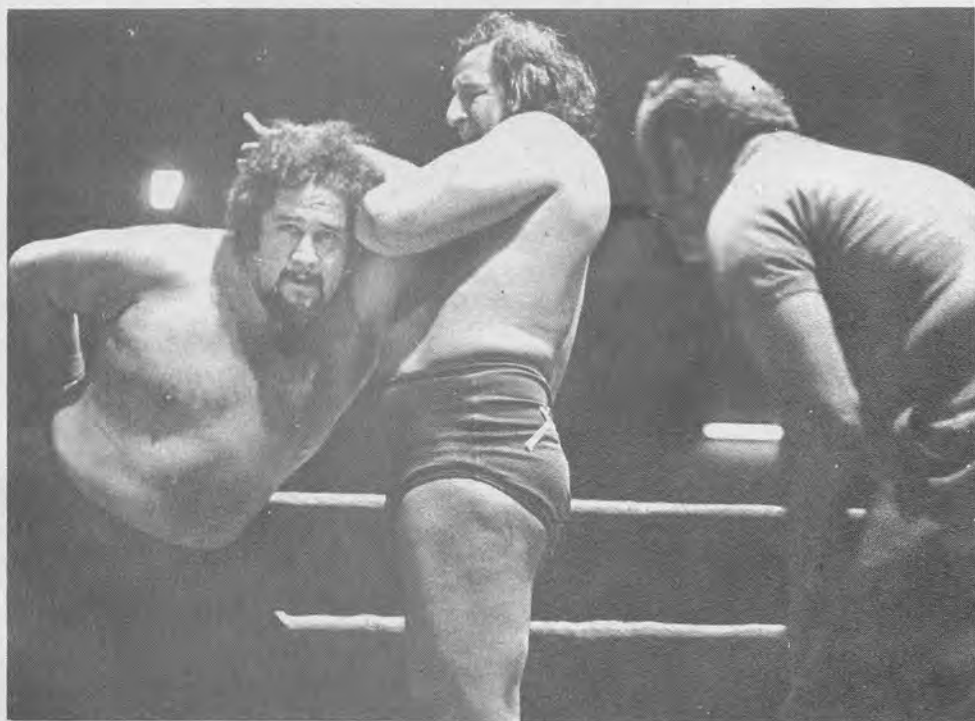
Curtis' previous history (he recently brought a chain into the ring and attacked Victor Rivera) and the many pictures sent in by fans clearly showing Curtis holding the plastic knife *before* the referee stopped the match. When Albano finally calmed down he claimed neither of these points should have been considered.

"I'm not interested in what the World Wide Wrestling Federation says!" Albano roared, "I'm only interested in the facts. I have photo-static proof that Jay Strongbow came into the ring with a knife. Curtis had to counteract this. Strongbow charged Curtis with that knife.

"The fact that Curtis was disqualified for using a chain on Rivera is meaningless. It has nothing to do with the other match. Curtis used a chain on Rivera because Rivera did the same thing Strongbow did. Yes, that's right! He wasn't caught but he had a knife too! You know how those guys are. They always stick together. They're against my champions. They realize the ability, the agility, the power and the strength of my champions and they'll use any means to beat my men. My men have *never* used *any* underhanded means. My men are true sportsmen. Lou Albano has always been a true sportsman. We have never used anything to beat an opponent that was not on the up-and-up. I've watched Strongbow and I've watched this Rivera and let me tell you something. Rivera's just like his people, just like his own kind. They're all the same. They'll use any means to get their hand held up. This case proves nothing to us and to our fans. We have our own fans and they'll *really* know what happened. All these thousands of fans who respect and love us know this decision means nothing and they know it's wrong because they know who the true sportsmen really are!"

As expected, Strongbow's reaction was quite different from Albano's.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am that I was cleared," Strongbow told us as he smiled. "All along my fans and I knew I was innocent and it's great to see justice done. The referee made an honest mistake and I don't hold anything against him.

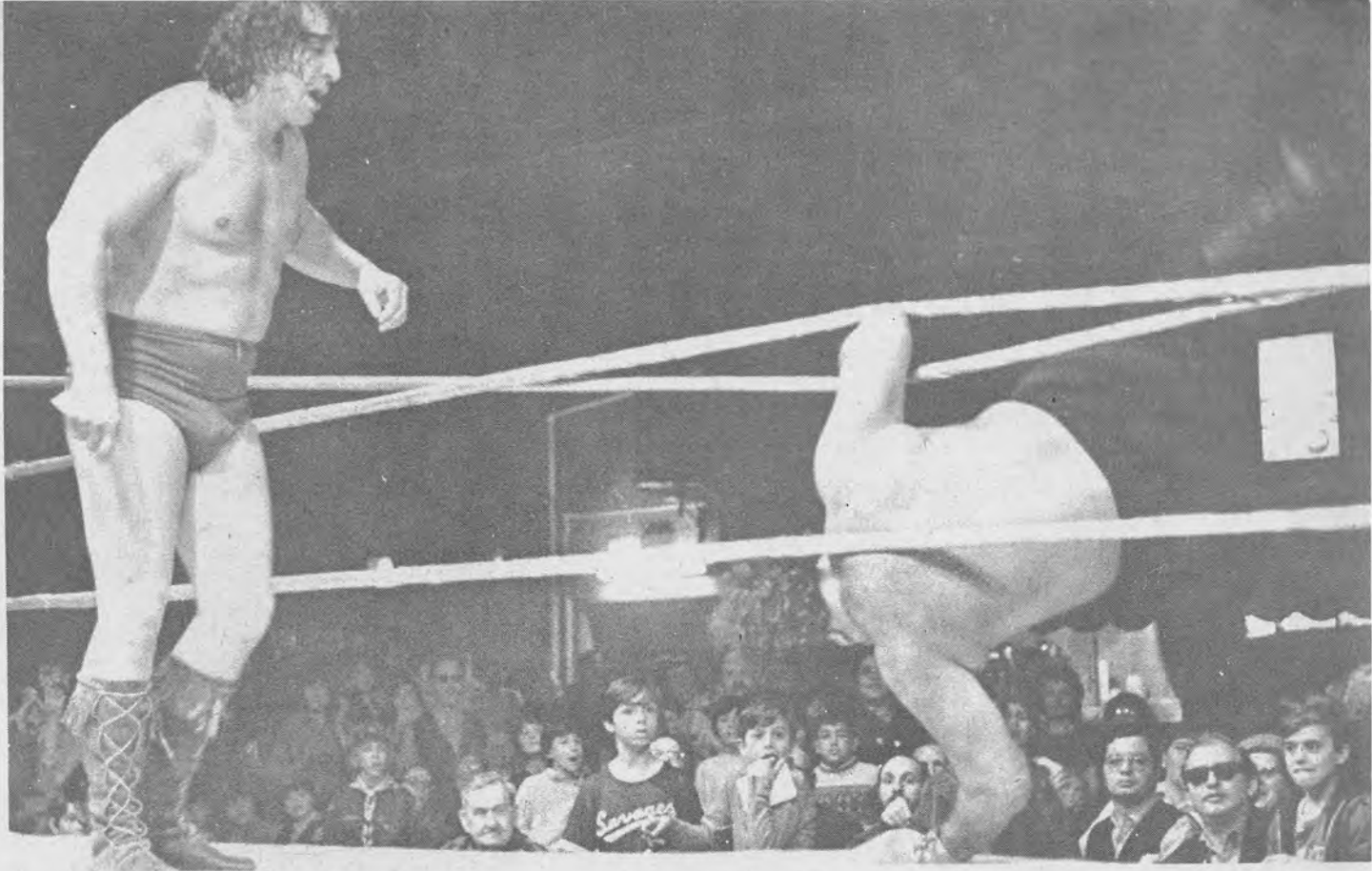


Note how cleverly King Curtis keeps his right hand concealed behind his back. He manages to make sure referee Terry Terranova is always on the opposite side. But Curtis couldn't fool the fans' cameras.

"I'm just tickled to death about this. Everybody knows Curtis brought the knife in. This is really a load off my shoulders. I've been disqualified before but never for something as serious as that. This is a big relief. And I especially want to thank Victor Rivera. He's the first

one I spoke to after this was announced and he knows how I feel about him. He and I are real good friends and he proved it by going to bat for me when it counted.

"And is you're going to write a story about this please let all the fans know how much I appreciate



Note the knife in Strongbow's right hand (above). This was after he took it away from Curtis. Left: Victor Rivera congratulates the Chief when it was announced that he was cleared by the Commission.



what they did. Without being asked they circulated petitions for me, wrote letters telling me to keep my chin up and sent pictures proving Curtis had that knife. They stayed behind me all the way and that's the kind of fans a wrestler likes to have. It would have been very easy for

them to have believed all those bad things that were being said about me but they didn't. They all stuck by me and tell them I appreciate it.

"In fact, I've gotten letters from all over the country from fans who didn't see the match but read your story and even *they* offered me en-

couragement. Mr. Francis Fleisher, the promoter in Detroit, sent me a wonderful letter saying he believed in me and he offered me an invitation to wrestle there whenever I want to—regardless of how this hearing came out. It's just great how people stand up for you when you need them."

Inside sources at the W.W.W.F. informed us that the decision was not unanimous. But unlike a jury trial in which the entire jury must agree in order to reach a verdict, the hearing can be decided by a majority. The testimony of Albano was pretty much cancelled out by that of Rivera and Curtis' record evidently played an important part in what happened. But the key to Strongbow's innocence is that pictures were shown of Curtis holding the knife as well as of Strongbow holding it. There was no way of knowing *when* each man held the knife.

The report also pointed out that while Strongbow was cleared it didn't mean the guilt was switched to Curtis. Curtis was not brought up on

(Continued on page 59)

Popular Reggie Parks (left) shows off his Missouri championship belt as Dr. X sneaks into the picture by sticking his head under Reggie's left arm. Right: Reggie has an excellent physique—topped off by his "iron stomach."



Thousands of men have tried to put a dent in Reggie Parks' mid-section. But nobody's been successful yet. Even a Volkswagen bus couldn't faze...

**REGGIE
PARKS-**

**THE MAN
WITH THE
IRON
STOMACH**





Reggie (left) prepares to whip big Lars Anderson into the turnbuckle during his upset victory over Lars. Below: "Pretty Boy" Larry Hennig gets treated to one of Reggie Parks' power-packed headlocks.

RAY STEVENS GRABBED his opponent by the arm and whipped him into the ropes. As his opponent bounced off, Ray curled his fingers into a fist, preparing to smash it into the mid-section of his rebounding opponent. As hard as he could, Ray drove his fist into his opponent's stomach.

"Aaaahhhh!!!" Stevens screamed as his wrist went limp.

And his opponent—Reggie Parks—just stood there and laughed. The iron stomach had claimed another victim.

They call Reggie Parks "The Man With The Iron Stomach." But there are always enough non-believers who feel *they* can put a dent in the immovable object. After all, a stomach is one of the most vulnerable parts of the human anatomy. There *must* be a limit to how hard a person can make his stomach. Isn't there?

With Parks there evidently isn't. His stomach is like a granite fortress. It has taken every conceivable sort of pounding and is always ready for more. Reggie has allowed Stan Pulaksi, his 250-pound tag team partner, to jump off the top of a six-foot ladder and land on his stomach with both heels! He has publicly lain flat on his back while letting a Volkswagen bus ride across his mid-section! He has allowed three and 400-pound men to hammer away relentlessly at his stomach without moving an eyebrow! It has reached the point where most wrestlers won't even bother trying to stop Parks with



body punches anymore. It's a waste of time. But from time to time there's always one—like Ray Stevens—who simply can't resist the lure of smashing his fist into that unprotected mid-section. And like all the others before him—Stevens met with the same disastrous results.

Born and raised in Melbourne, Australia, Reggie Parks came to Canada as a teenager when his parents pulled up stakes and settled in Edmonton, Alberta. He was just a skinny youngster at that time surrounded by rugged, outdoor types. "I simply got tired of being called 'skinny' all the time," Reggie remembers, "so I began a program of regu-



Mad Dog Vachon flips Reggie over his head as Parks comes bounding off the ropes. But the Australian did a complete somersault, landing on his feet, and surprised Mad Dog.

lar workouts and weightlifting. I was good enough to do some competitive lifting but I wanted to find a way to put my muscles to work for me outside of weightlifting."

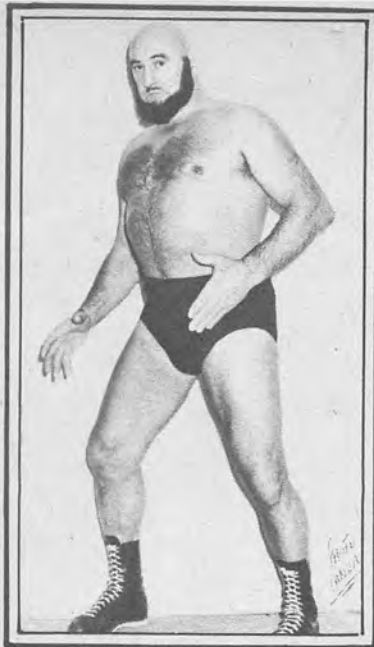
A professional wrestler named Stu Hart, now a promoter in Calgary, Alberta, thought Reggie would make a fine wrestler. So Stu tutored him in the fundamentals of the sport. When Hart got through with him, Reggie, only 19, was already an accomplished grappler. Just a rookie, the popular Aussie was holding his own with much more experienced rivals.

His busy schedule, however, never

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EYE ON THE MAT WORLD

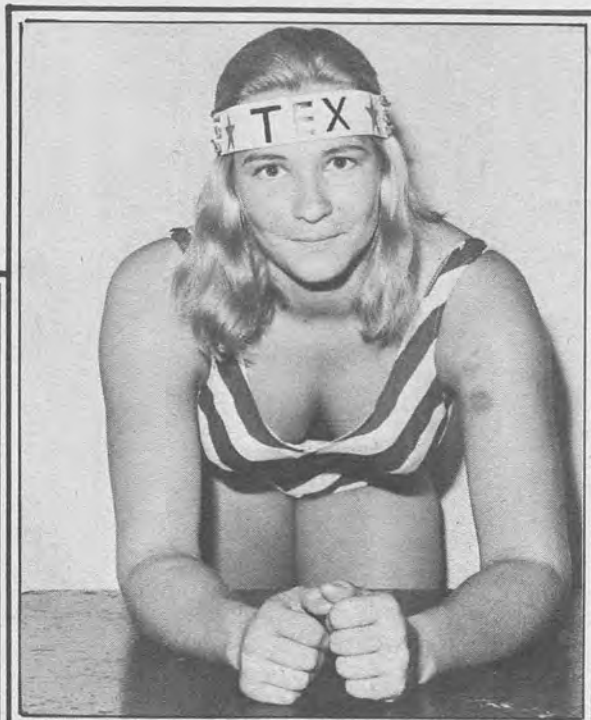
Come along with our staff of photographers as they record all the action and behind-the-scenes drama of professional wrestling around the world. No-where else will you find such in-depth picture coverage as in **THE WRESTLER** and **INSIDE WRESTLING**, the two largest selling wrestling magazines in the world.



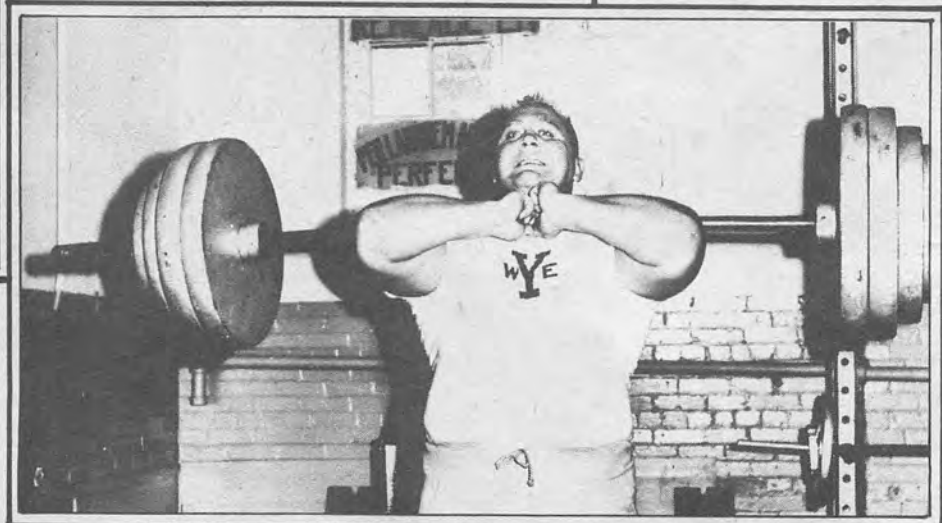
Mad Dog Vachon? Nope. And don't call him that either! He's Soldat Gorky and he's a dead-ringer for Mad Dog! Too bad.



Billy Graham calls himself "Billy Graham—Superstar" and he feels he's got to dress like a Superstar as well. How do you describe this?

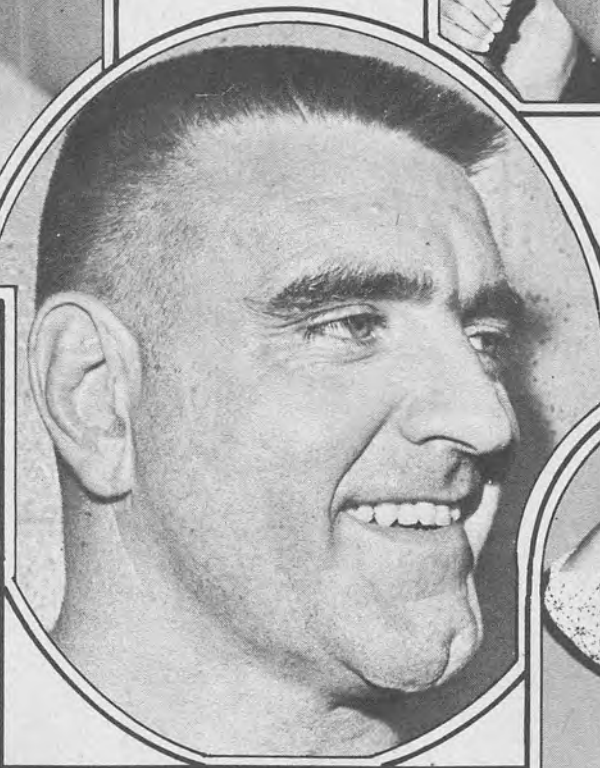
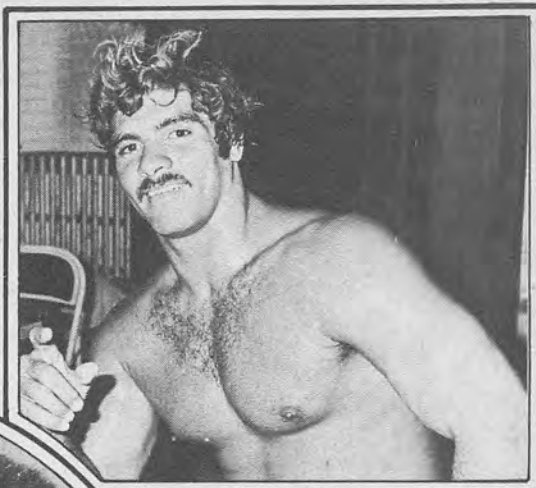


Beautiful Susan Green is the hottest young star to come out of Texas in years (left). She's one of the youngest woman wrestlers around (only 19) and certainly one of the sexiest. Susan's a natural athlete and was involved with basketball, track, gymnastics, tennis and swimming in high school. Below: Bulldog Brower shows how he can lift 500 pounds on his powerful shoulders!





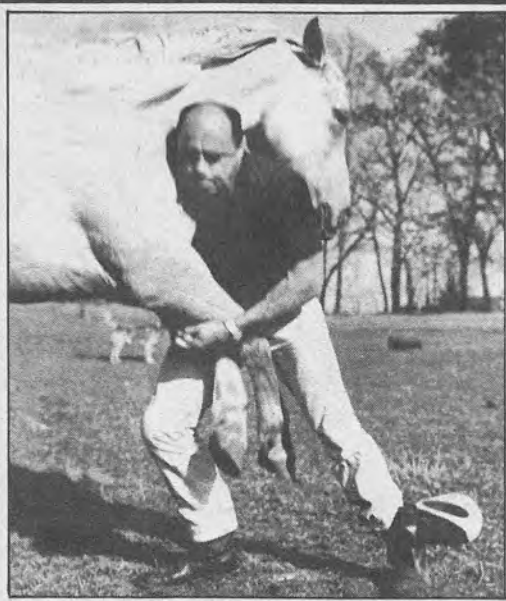
Freddie Blassie shows what to do when you wrestle the fire-throwing Sheik (left). You simply learn how to eat fire! Right: Popular Don Muraco is in a good mood as he finds out he's been voted the A.W.A.'s Rookie of the Year.



Popular Don Curtis (left) is one of the few stars around who still favors a crewcut. Below: The new Japanese import is not a Toyota—it's Professor Saito. And Saito knows how to use that sword!



How does Dom DeNucci pass the time before a bout? Would you believe singing? Yup. Dom is a budding opera singer!

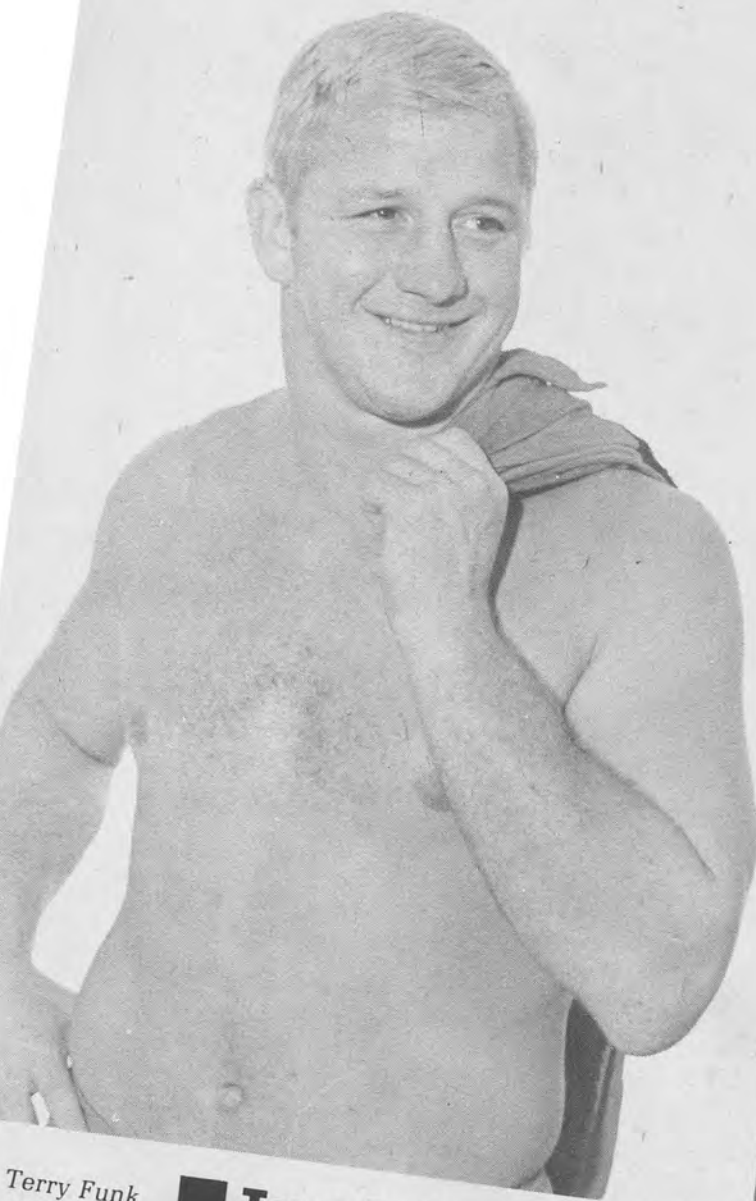


Villains are easy for Verne Gagne after tangling with a horse! This was taken on the champ's Minnesota farm.



TERRY FUNK'S BIGGEST FEAR:

**"FEUDS
WILL BE
THE DEATH
OF ME
YET!"**



Terry Funk
can't figure
out why he
gets himself
into so many
feuds.

**Terry Funk has been forced to
wrestle in the shadow of brother
Dory Jr., N.W.A. heavyweight
champion. But for some reason,
when villains go gunning for
Funks, it's Terry—not Dory—
they're usually after**



FEUDS WILL BE the death of me." Those are the words of Terry Funk, younger brother of world champion Dory Funk Jr. and one of the top-ranked grapplers in his own right. But unlike his personable brother, Terry can't seem to stay out of trouble. And at any one time there are usually about a half-dozen guys gunning for his scalp.

"I don't know what it is," Terry told us the day after a brutally bloody brawl in Texas, "but everybody wants my head on a plate. Heck, Dory's the one with the title. But a lot of guys would rather get a shot at me than Dory. I guess my brother's just too likeable. It's hard to work a good hate up for him. But they have no trouble working one up for me."

The interesting thing about wrestling feuds is that few people—even the wrestlers involved—remember how they began or what caused them. They just sort of explode and keep going until one of the feuders goes to a new territory. There have been cases of wrestlers involved in feuds who haven't met each other in years. Suddenly, when they do, it's as if no time has passed. They're at it again hammer and tongs.

Two gentlemen of the squared circle with whom Terry has not exactly seen eye to eye are Moose Morowski and Bobby Duncum. Suffice it to say that Morowski is not exactly the type of guy you'd want to mar-

ry your sister. And Duncum is the kind of person you wouldn't even want to *meet* your sister. Both of them would gladly help a crippled old lady out of her wheel chair—but only if she didn't want to go!

When you have two individuals with personalities like that after your hide you have two choices. You can remain in the area and possibly get killed. Or you can leave town. Terry Funk chose the former. Now he wishes he had chosen the latter.

"Usually two animals like Morowski and Duncum won't gang up on me," Funk noted, "either because my dad or brother are also on the card or because they hate to share their chance to tear me limb from limb. But last night neither my dad nor my brother were around and

they evidently decided there was enough of me for both of them to beat up on."

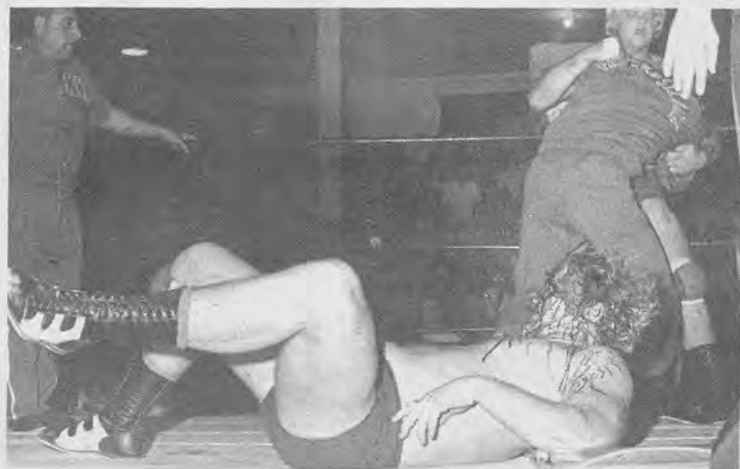
Considering what happened to him, Terry seemed to be viewing the situation rather light-heartedly. "I have to," he said, "or else I'd want to cry."

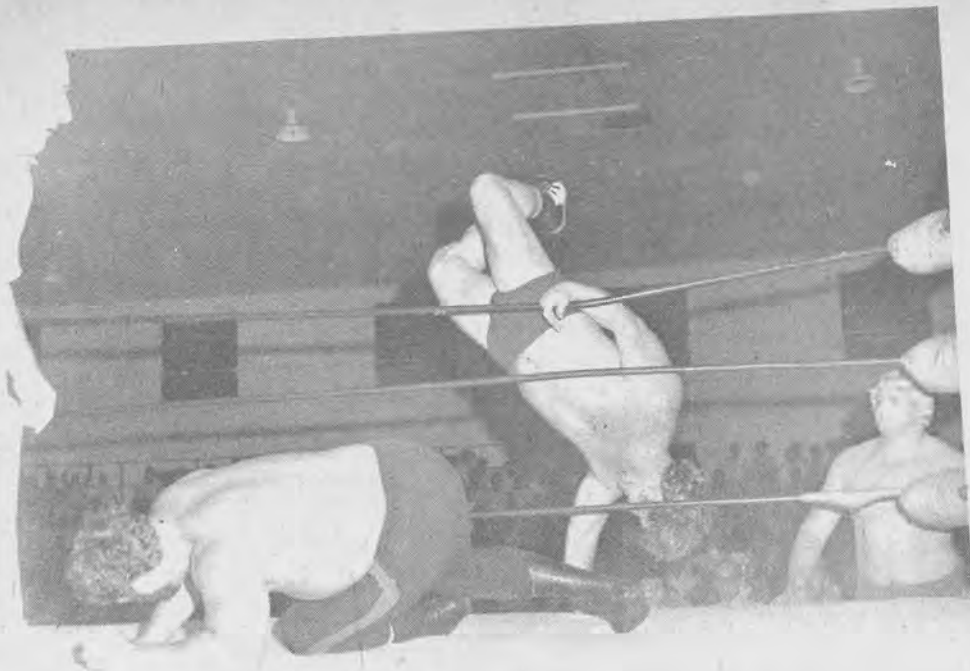
Terry and Morowski had been at each other's throats for months. They'd battled on various occasions in various arenas. They tore each other up with brass knuckles, ripped each other apart in cage matches and tried to carry each other out during "stretcher" matches. Yet despite it all, neither had gotten the deciding edge each wanted. This night Morowski would get that edge.

For a Funk-Morowski match it



A bloody and semi-conscious Terry Funk (left) tries to get up after Bobby Duncum ambushed him. Above: Duncum, who ran into the ring to take advantage of Funk's problems with Moose Morowski, stands over him after beating him bloody. Below: N.W.A. officials finally pull Duncum off Terry.





was strange to begin with. There were no cages or brass knuckles or stretchers or chains or straps involved. It was supposed to be just a plain old wrestling match. It was. For 20 seconds. That's how long it took for Terry to put the first hold of the night on Moose—a body slam. It was also the last hold of the night. From then on all was kicks, punches, choke holds, eye gouges, ringposts, knees, tables and anything else but legal holds.

Terry, for his part, must be given some credit. He did zap the Moose with a dropkick. But it was kind of illegal. It seems Moose was trying to get back into the ring at the time and Terry dropkicked him while Morowski was on the wrong side of the ropes. The dropkick drew a warning from the referee, but in these kind of matches warnings from the referee have about as much effect as a bow and arrow in a tank battle. Nobody puts much stock in them.

Moose managed to come up with a new maneuver which could only be called a flying choke hold. As Terry, who'd been thrown out of the ring, tried to crawl back in, Moose, who started running from the opposite corner, flew through the air and landed with his hands on Funk's throat. Propping himself up with the ropes, he then bent Terry backwards over the ring apron while digging his fingers into Funk's windpipe.

They battled in this manner for about 20 minutes with Funk having the upper hand. That's when Mr. Duncum decided it was time to get his licks in.

Morowski (above) dumps Terry over the ropes where Bobby Duncum's waiting. Right: Funk body slams Morowski, but it's only a temporary setback for Moose. Below: He tries to choke the life out of Terry.



Funk has been feuding with Duncum even *longer* than he's been feuding with Morowski. And if possible, their feud was even hotter than the Funk-Morowski feud. "There is nobody," Duncum has stated, "that I despise more than Terry 'the Punk' Funk. I will never pass up an opportunity to maim him." And that opportunity presented itself during

the Funk-Morowski match.

Terry had his hands full with Morowski when, out of nowhere, Duncum charged into the ring. He was not alone. In one hand he carried a metal chair.

Duncum tapped Funk on the shoulder. Thinking it was the referee, Terry turned around. CRASH!!! Duncum smashed the metal chair on-



"I was fined \$250 for getting Funk the Punk," said Duncum (above) "and it was the best \$250 I ever spent." Right: Both Morowski and Duncum get into the act against Terry. Bobby's working on ripping his face while Moose stomps.



to Terry's face and forehead opening a gigantic gash. It was the last thing Terry remembers. Officials ran into the ring to hold Duncum back. He wasn't satisfied with knocking Funk unconscious. He wanted more.

"I was fined \$250 for getting Funk the Punk with that chair," Duncum said, "and it was the best \$250 I ever spent. Worth every cent. Every time

I've tried to get even with him either his brittle old man or his chicken-hearted brother were around to bail him out. This time he was all alone. Wasn't it great?"

Morowski didn't think it was so great. He wound up being disqualified for using outside help—although he steadfastly claims he neither asked for nor expected Duncum's aid.

Moose Morowski didn't object to Bobby Duncum's interference until Moose was disqualified for using "outside help." Then he got angry at Duncum for ruining his match and suggested they could take turns beating Terry up. The feuds are still on!

"Sure I'm mad," Morowski fumed. "Let Duncum settle his score with Funk on his own time not mine. I had that bum beaten—*beaten*—do you hear me? Then Duncum ruins it. Hell, I wanted to belt Funk with a chair too. Why should he spoil it for me? Does he hate Funk any more than I do? I doubt it. There's no reason why we can't take turns belting this guy around. Let's see how Duncum likes it when he wrestles Funk and I come in with a chair."

"That's the story of my life," Terry stated sadly. "People argue about whose turn it is to assault me. And I've been the subject of some pretty sneaky attacks. But what Duncum did was unbelievable. As soon as I'm back on my feet again I'm going to settle the score with him once and for all."

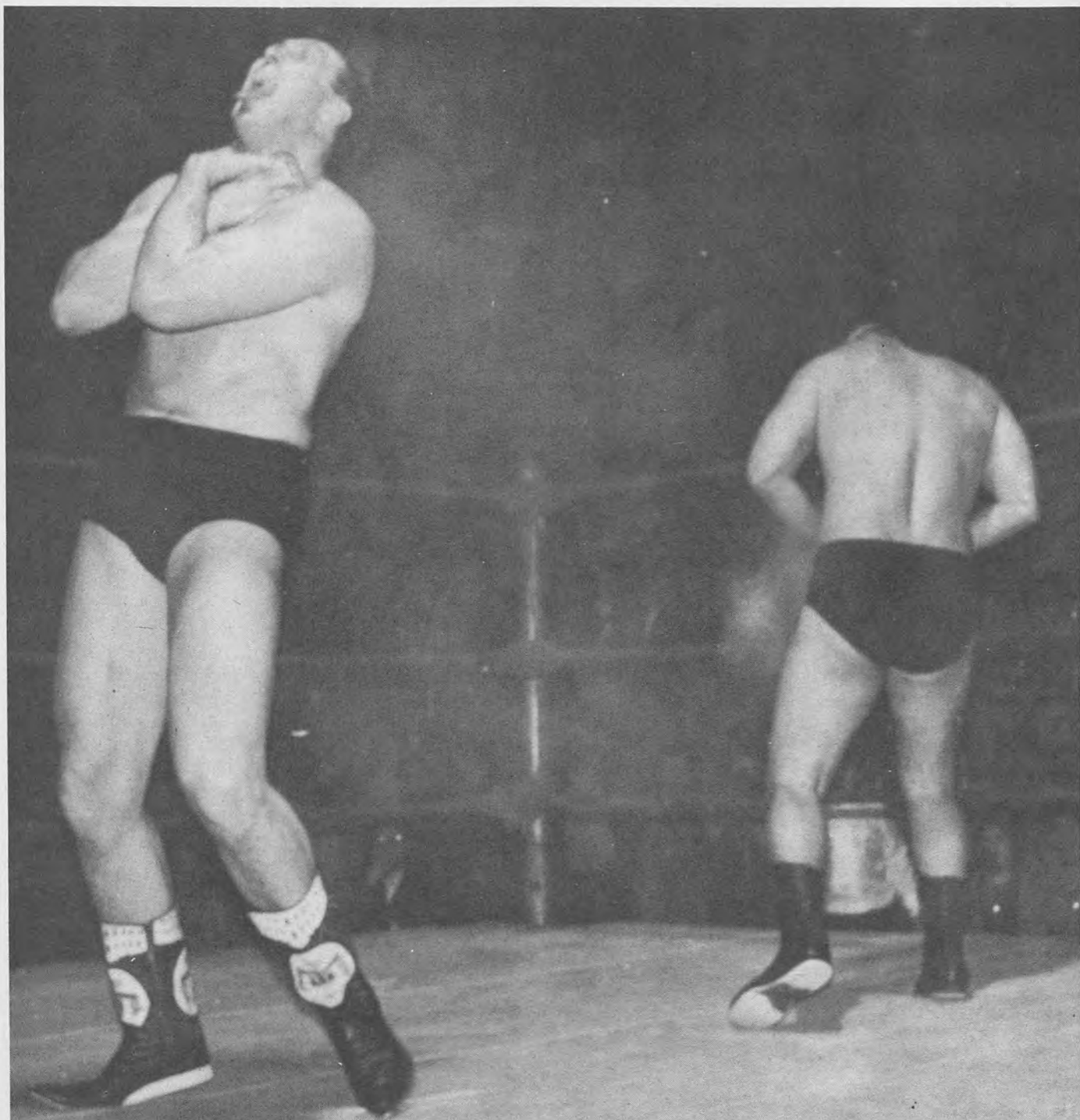
But Terry had said that before about other wrestlers. He's got so many scores to settle he has trouble keeping track of them all. And in the long run it has got to hurt him.

"There are so many guys after me every match is a war," Terry observed. "I never have an easy match. After each one I felt as if I'll never walk again. These guys don't kid around. Look at Duncum. It cost him \$250 for belting me with the chair and he'll pay it. Gladly. That's the kind of mentality I'm dealing with. That's why I'm convinced these feuds will end my career. There's just so much punishment the human body can take."


But Funk is not in a position to do anything about it. A feud is something you can't call off. If he went over to Duncum and forgave him for the chair incident and offered to be friends—Bobby would either laugh in his face or, more likely, smash him over the head with another chair!

So it seems Terry's destined to become embroiled in more bloodbaths. Feuds are things that just won't go away—no matter how much he'd like them to disappear. □

THE NIGHT VON ERICH PULLED SMOKE OUT OF HIS PANTS



ON THE VERGE OF DEFEAT, WALDO MYSTIFIED THE FANS AND ALMOST DESTROYED TEX MCKENZIE WITH THAT TINY PACKET OF MAGIC DESTRUCTION HE HAD TUCKED AWAY IN-CASE OF EMERGENCY



McKenzie swings his huge legs up high to get maximum power in delivering his famous "Bulldoggin'" hold against Von Erich. Waldo took full impact of fall with his head.

It was a blood bath which Waldo pulled out of the fire with his murderous "Prussian Leap." After knocking Tex groggy with a rap on the jaw, Von Erich quickly climbed atop a ring post, let out a German war cry, and came flying off his 8 ft. perch like a screaming eagle. On his way down, Waldo took careful aim at McKenzie's stomach, extended his left knee, and with the full weight of his 260 pound body, drove the knee into Tex's stomach.

McKenzie lay there like he was dead. The referee didn't even both to count. He held the snorting German off with one hand and ordered a stretcher with the other.

A man doesn't forget things like that. Tex McKenzie never forgot. "Everytime I think of that German wildman," Tex said recently, "I get a knot in my gut and I want to kill him."

Tex went on to explain that wrestling is, after all, a sport. A profession for men to work at. "We wrestlers are trying to earn a living the best way we know how. We risk our lives. We willingly take that risk. We don't mind losing to a better man. But that 'Prussian Leap' is too much. Von Erich might just as well use a gun or a knife."

Von Erich does try to kill. And he admits it. "I'm in there to win the best way I can," he says. "Anyway I can. Anybody can jump off the top rope. If they want to jump on me, let them try it. I'll take my chances. But they must take chances too. And they shouldn't cry like little babies when I hit them!"

As much as you may despise Waldo Von Erich, you must, in all honesty, admit that he had a valid point. He is not asking for special considerations.

Neither does Tex McKenzie ask for

special considerations. But Tex wants to play the game according to the rules. The "Prussian Leap," he insists, "was never part of the rule book."

The "Prussian Leap" is not the only killer weapon Waldo Von Erich carries in his bag of tricks. He has something else which he affectionately calls, my "Prussian Deathlock."

Waldo's "Deathlock" is really an adaption of Buddy Rogers' old "Figure-4 leglock." But Waldo gets even more leverage into the hold than Rogers because Waldo is a stronger man than Buddy.

Tex McKenzie also had a run in with Waldo's "Deathlock." And he will never forget that one either. Recalled Tex: "It happened several years ago, in Toronto, if my memory serves me right. Von Erich shot his mouth off on TV one night, offering \$5,000 to anybody who could break his Deathlock. Several wrestlers tried, but none succeeded.

"I accepted the challenge and easily broke the hold. Then I asked him for the \$5,000. He refused to give it to me.

"You didn't break my Deathlock," Von Erich screamed.

"I certainly did, I insisted. Now give me the money!"

Von Erich never gave McKenzie the \$5,000 and Tex never forgot it. "That should tell you better than anything else what kind of a fink the man is," McKenzie said.

Von Erich and McKenzie have wrestled seven times over the years. But the match that stands out above all the others took place in the Canadian city of Regina in 1965. Recalled Chuck Underhill, the man who promoted the savage bout, "I thought they were going to kill each other. And they damned near did!"

Underhill continued, "We billed it as a 'Texas Death Match,' which means that there had to be a winner and anything went. No rules."

Because Von Erich had racked up a

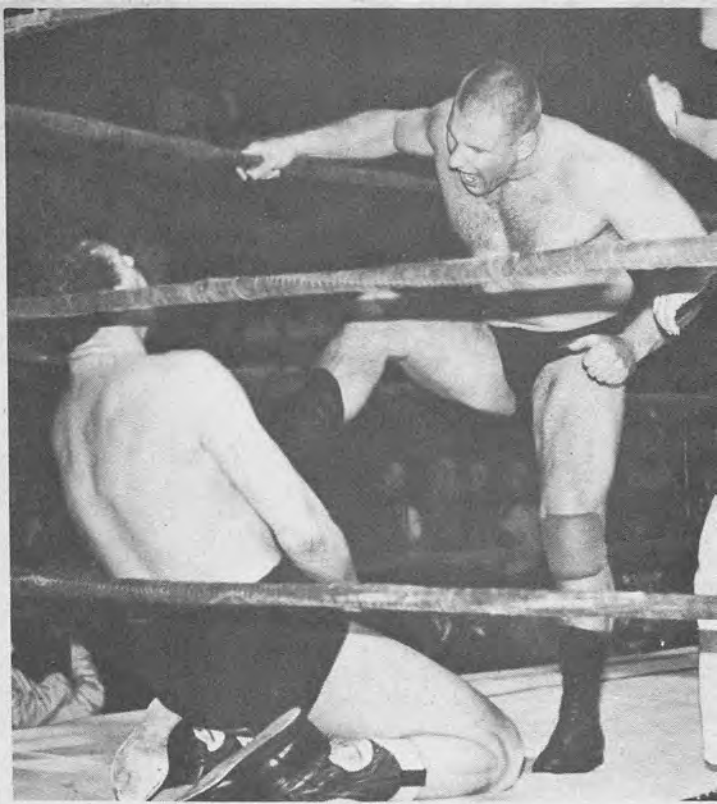
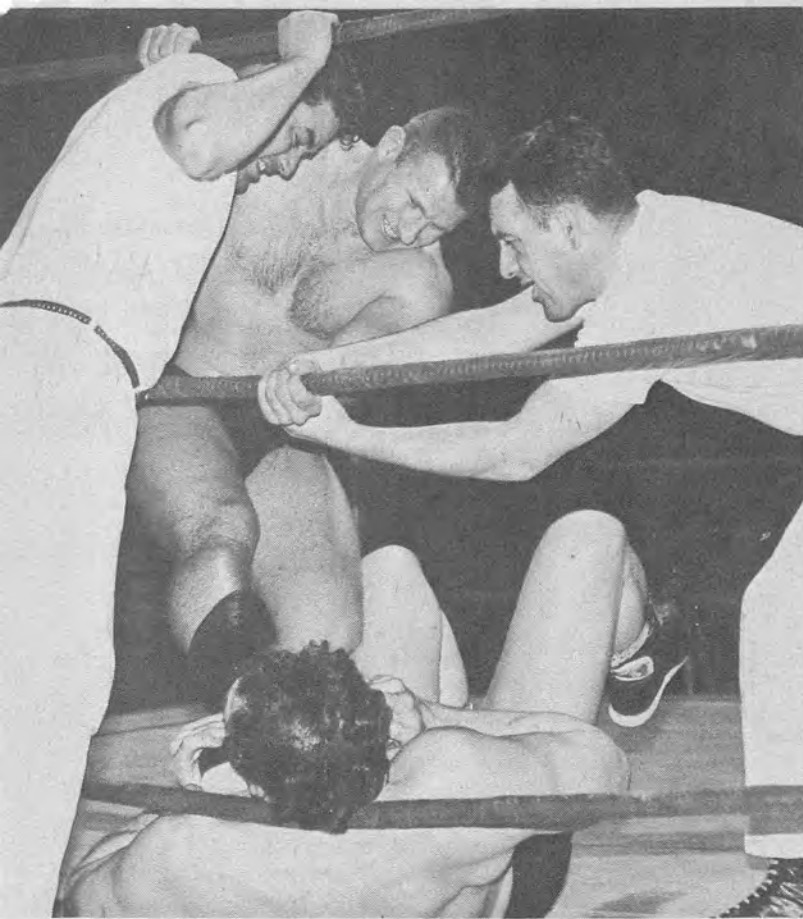
BLOOD FEUDS!

Wrestling has had hundreds of them over the years. Remember Jerry Graham and Chief Big Heart? Ed Carpentier and Killer Kowalski? Gene Kiniski and Whipper Watson? Bruiser and Bob Ellis? The list goes on and on. But one feud overshadows all the others. Waldo Von Erich and Tex McKenzie. It began in the U.S., spilled over into Canada, and it can still flare again at anytime. Hate like this never dies.

Von Erich and McKenzie are direct opposites. Tex is a big (6'9"), good-natured guy who, like President Johnson, spends every spare minute on his sprawling Texas ranch. Tex McKenzie gives freely to various charities, and he helps old ladies cross the street.

Waldo Von Erich gives nothing to charity, and he is likely to trip that old lady crossing the street. Waldo never tries to hide his true nature. "We Germans are realistic people," he snorts. "We don't love anybody. We love only our own."

Von Erich and McKenzie first crossed paths in a Detroit ring back in 1960.



long string of victories in Western Canada at the time, he was favored to win. But there was more than enough McKenzie money around to cover all bets on the German.

Three referees couldn't keep Tex and Waldo from breaking the few rules which were supposed to be enforced. When Tex lifted his blood-covered face out of a headlock somebody in the audience yelled, "The German has a knife! Get it away from him!"

Waldo did not have a knife. But he did have the roughest knuckles on human hands and he rubbed them across Tex's features like hunks of sandpaper.

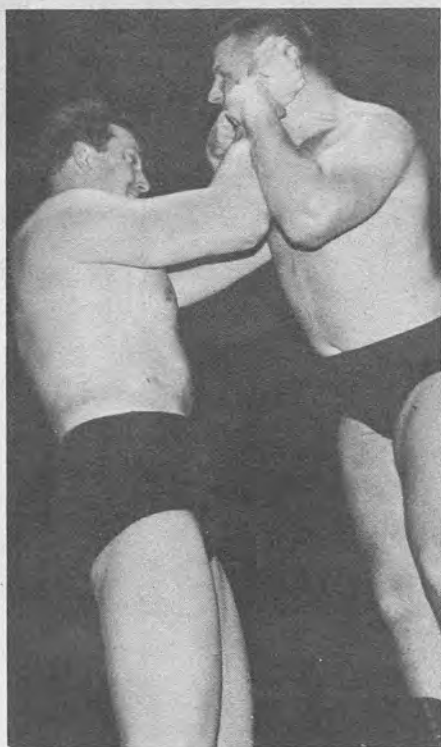
McKenzie staked his hopes on his pet hold, the "Bulldoggin' Headlock." It is something Tex borrowed from another famous wrestling cowboy, Bob Ellis. The hold involves grabbing the victim around the head (the same way a cowboy wrestles a steer to the ground) then plowing the victim's face into the canvas.

For almost 40 minutes the blazing match see-sawed back and forth with the advantage swinging from one to the other. Von Erich was never able to effectively deliver his "Prussian Leap," nor was he able to apply his "Deathlock." McKenzie, however, did manage to execute his "Bulldoggin' Headlock" twice, but only with limited effectiveness. Yet the effects began to tell on Waldo as the match neared the one hour mark.

Von Erich started to stagger a little, and his feet shuffled instead of taking

Left, above: Two referees try to stop Von Erich from stomping the stricken McKenzie to death. Right, above: When Tex was finally saved by the referees, and able to sit erect, Waldo was at him again, still kicking away. Right: Von Erich, when he wasn't trying to stomp McKenzie to death, was ramming his head into the turnbuckle. Three ugly gashes were opened in Tex's head.





Left: Tex lifts Waldo's 270 pounds by raising his ears. Below: This effort by McKenzie to use his "Bulldoggin'" headlock proved to be unsuccessful because Waldo yanked his head free. Above: Waldo complains that McKenzie bit him.



normal steps. McKenzie, alert to the situation, began stepping up his attack. Waldo staggered even more and he couldn't hold his hands high enough to protect his face. Then it happened!

When it seemed that Von Erich would fall on his face, he fell forward against the ropes. His hand dipped into his trunks and pulled out a small packet. He turned the packet over in his hand, then put a corner of it into his mouth. When he pulled it from his mouth, it began to smoke! Clouds of white smoke clouded the ring and fanned up to the ceiling. Was it magic? No. It was an ordinary smoke pellet. But it was a disastrous effect on Tex McKenzie.

As Tex stood watching the bellowing smoke, as if hypnotized, Von Erich summoned his remaining strength and jammed the fuming pellet into Tex's face. Poor Tex screamed in pain as he clutched his eyes and started running around the ring. Then he suddenly stopped running, wavered a few times like a drunk, and fell unconscious on the floor.

Waldo looked down at the still form but didn't lift a finger. Instead he jumped over the ropes and ran to his dressing room as fast as his legs would carry him.

McKenzie was rushed to a hospital where his eyes were flushed out and the charred flesh around his nose and mouth treated with sulphur ointment.

It took the Cowboy three months to fully recover from the horror of that night in Regina. He admits that he was lucky to have gotten away without permanent injuries.

"I found it hard to breathe for a whole year after it happened," McKenzie says. "At first I hated Von Erich for what he did. I wanted to kill him. Then I started to think. It was my own fault. I had no business standing there watching the smoke when I should have been watching him. Like Von Erich says, 'I could have done the same thing to him.'"

Tex says he has been scolding himself since the day he left Regina. "It still bugs me to think that I broke the basic rule of the ring, the very first thing they tell youngsters who are breaking into this business—Defend yourself at all times.

"How could I ever have been so stupid?" □

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56 Ridgewood St.
Boston, MA 02122
Enjoys baseball.
Favorite is Chief
Jay Strongbow. Likes
good guys. Anyone for
PPs.



DONNY LAIBLE (13)
16-14 Weirfield St.
Ridgewood, NY 11227
Likes reading, base-
ball. King Curtis his
favorite. Likes bad
guys. Anyone for PPs.



TOM ROBINSON (15)
320 South 12th St.
Geneva, NB 68361
Likes sports, movies.
Ox Baker his favorite.
People over 13 for pen
pals.



RODERICK DICKERSON (11)
426B Toomer Cir.
Opelika, AL 36801
Enjoys basketball.
Favorite is Dory Funk
Jr. Likes good and bad
guys. Anyone for PPs.



TERRY THRAMS (11)
411 Mechanic St.
Storgis, MI 49091
Collects Wilbur Sny-
der photos. Snyder
his favorite. Likes
good guys. Anyone
for PPs.



BILL YOTIS (13)
1746 75th Court
Elmwood Park, IL 60635
Enjoys all sports. Dr.
X is his favorite. Likes
good guys. Anyone for pen
pals.



JOE MITTNACHT (13)
729 North Water St.
Manitowoc, WI 54220
Likes to play table
tennis. Billy Robin-
son his favorite. Likes
good and bad guys.
Anyone for pen pals.



MIKE TREXLER (19)
1200-1/2 Read St.
Wilmington, DE 19805
Likes writing poetry.
Bobo Brazil his fa-
vorite. Likes good and
bad guys. Anyone for
pen pals.

PALS



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WILLIAM LAIBLE (14)
16-14 Weirfield St.
Ridgewood, NY 11227
Likes Roller Derby.
Toru Tanaka his favorite. Likes bad guys.
Anyone for pen pals.



E. HARRY MELLINGER (21)
108 S. 4th St.
Denver, PA 17517
Enjoys outdoor activities,
astronomy. Fred Blassie his favorite. Likes bad guys.
Anyone for pen pals.



CARLOS MARTINEZ (15)
321 Meridian Ave.
Miami Beach, FL 33139
Likes to swim and dance.
Mr. Wrestling his favorite. Likes good guys.
Girls for pen pals.



RANDY GIDEON (19)
1102 Maxfield St.
Torrance, CA 90502
Enjoys boxing. Tami Jones his favorite.
Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.



BOB BOZEMAN (14)
231 Ainsworth St.
Hazlehurst, MS 39083
Likes cars, hunting.
Cowboy Bill Watts his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for pen pals.



PHILLIP GOMEZ (14)
823 W. Rosewood
San Antonio, TX 78212
Likes to go to the matches. Dory Funk Jr. his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Boys for PPs.



TONY MIMS (16)
25. D. Lin Dr.
Eglin A.F.B., FL 32542
Likes football, music.
Ken Lucas his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.



RONNIE MARKOVSKY (12)
8 Cavanaugh Path
Newton, MA 02159
Likes to play piano and enjoys all sports.
Favorite is Chief Jay Strongbow. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.



DEAN WORTHY (10)
8453 Taylor Colquitt Rd.
Spartanburg, SC 29303
Enjoys fishing and hunting. Johnny Weaver his favorite. Likes good guys.
Anyone for pen pals.



BURT WORTHY (7)
8453 Taylor Colquitt Rd.
Spartanburg, SC 29303
Likes to hunt and fish.
Favorite is Jack Brisco. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



JEFF ERNST (13)
2210 Russell Dr.
Cedar Falls, IA 50613
Likes hockey. Rufus R. Jones is his favorite. Likes good guys.
Boys for pen pals.



GUY E. DAVIS (21)
Route 4 - Box 275
Lucedale, MS 39452
Likes song writing.
C & W music. Mil Mascaras his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



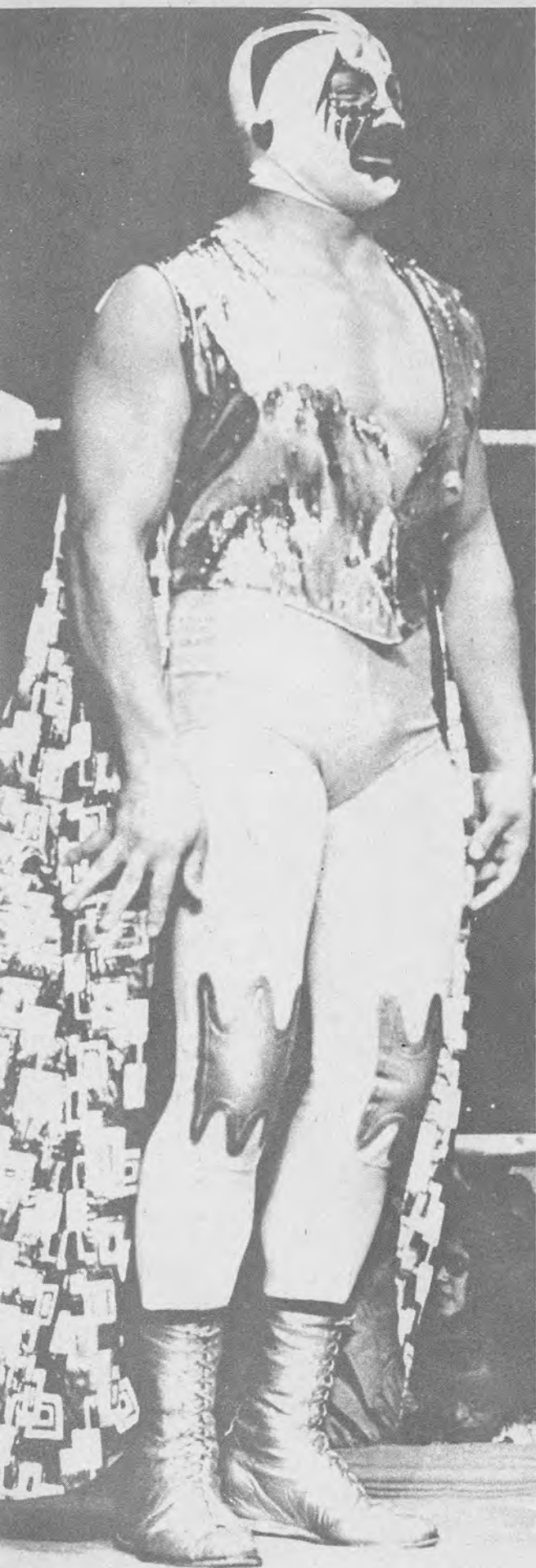
MICHAEL WALSH (13)
840 W. Kingman St.
San Bernardino, CA 92401
Enjoys Roller Derby.
Favorite is John Tolos. Likes bad guys. Boys for pen pals.



JANE GONTSCHAROW
3824 11th Avenue
Kenosha, WI 53140
Likes to read. Favorite is Verne Gagne.
Likes good guys.
Anyone for pen pals.

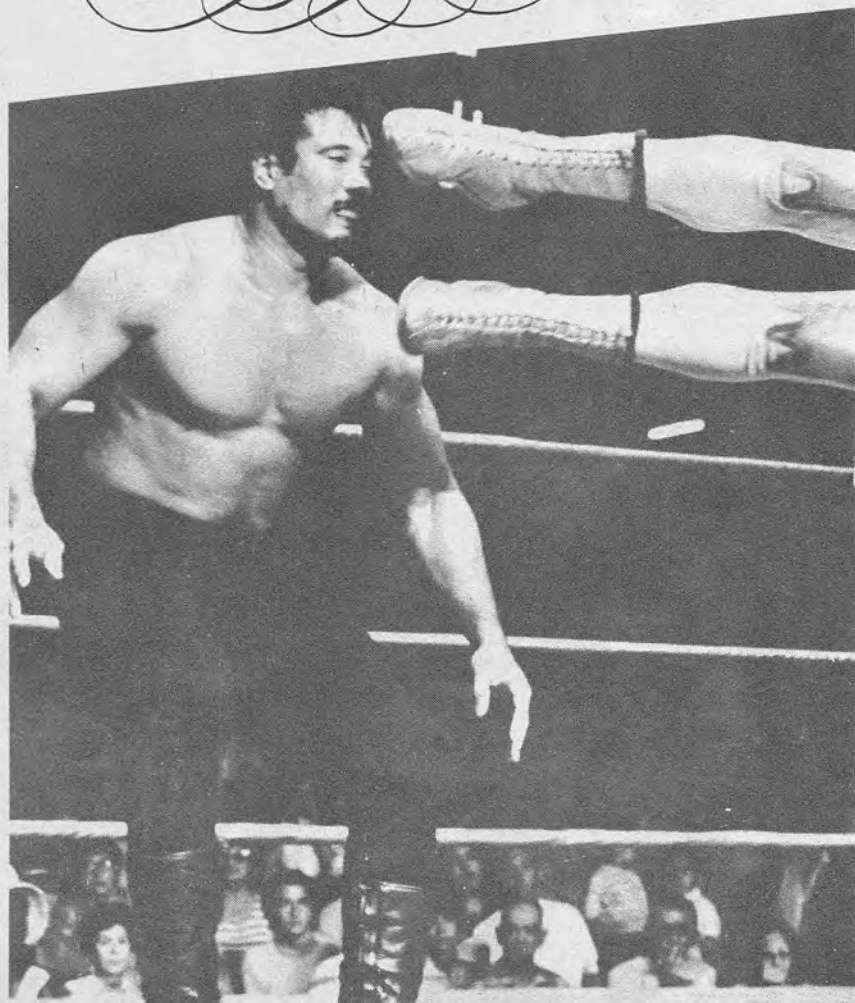
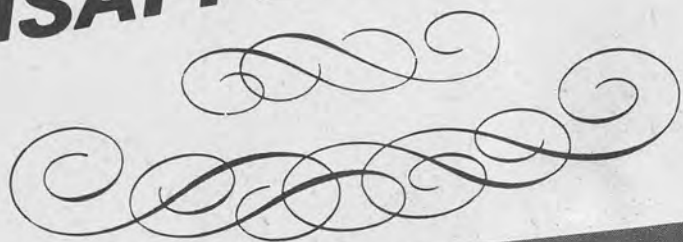


MARGARET RODRIQUEZ (12)
13658 Pinney Street
Pacoima, CA 91331
Likes dancing. Bruno Sammartino her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



Mil Mascaras made a vow many years ago. Now he's in a position to keep it. And that vow explains...

THE REAL REASON BEHIND MIL MASCARAS' STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES



EVER SINCE THE spring we've been besieged by letters asking "Where's Mil Mascaras?" Ever since he'd lost a "loser leave town" match to Black Gordman Mil's been harder to find than the Loch Ness Monster.

The last time Mil seemingly disappeared he'd been wrestling in Texas and was forced to return to California to shut the mouth of Billy Graham, who'd started rumors that Mil was "afraid" to go back to the west coast and wrestle him. Therefore, when rumors and letters of Mil's latest disappearance reached us we simply assumed he was in another part of the country. But a telephone check of promoters throughout the United States revealed that Mascaras was nowhere to be found. The answer finally came from Toshi Suzuma, our Tokyo correspondent, who got hold of El Sicodelico, Mil's brother.

"I know where Mil is," Sicodelico admitted, "but I'm not at liberty to reveal the location or what he's doing. However, I will get word to him that you're interested and you can take it from there."

Knowing that Mil was safe and sound—wherever he was—we didn't

press it. But about a month later we received a phone call from Mil himself to clear up the mystery.

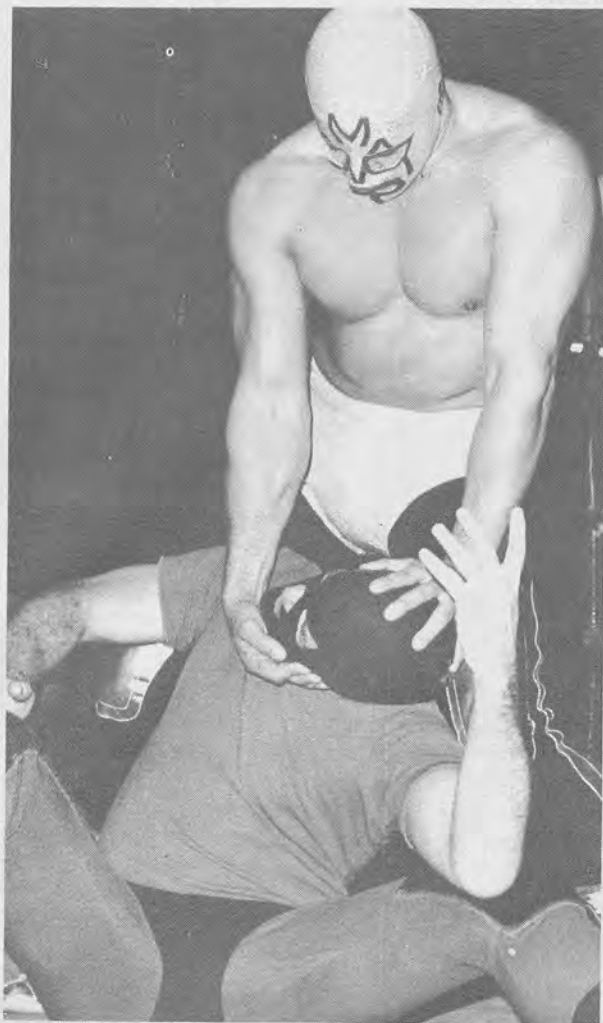
"I'm happy to hear fans are so concerned about me," Mil laughed, "but please tell them that I'm fine and that they'll have to get used to my little *disappearances* from now on. I'll be gone for a few months every year. And the reason I'll be gone is because of a commitment I made many years ago.

"As those people who read the life story you did on me (THE WRESTLER/MARCH '72) know, I've been helped along the way many times by many different people. And as you also know I'm a deeply religious man. Well years back I prayed to the Virgin to give me the strength and ability to be a success in my field. I vowed that if I made it I would take part of each year and use it to help my people who are not as fortunate as myself.

"Well I did become successful. And it became time to keep my vow. After I left the 'loser leave town' match I was kind of depressed and feeling sorry for myself. But then I began to think about my childhood and about all the poor people in Mexico and I said 'What have I got to be depressed about?' That's when I realized it was time to fulfill my promise to the Virgin."

Mil explained that after a short vacation in Japan he left for Mexico and spent some time at the orphanage he'd stayed at when he was a child. But thanks to his help in past years the orphanage was doing better than ever and there were people who needed Mil more. So he went into some of the poorest and remote villages of Mexico—places where there still are one-room schoolhouses and where children work in the fields from the time they're 10 years old.

Continued



Mil Mascaras (above) twists the Outlaw's head with his powerful arms. Left: Mil sends a picture-perfect dropkick into Fidel Castillo. But just recently he was involved in a unique kind of battle—a battle to help his people.



This old house (above) is typical of the way some of the people where Mil's teaching live. Below: A group of villagers come out to the side of the road to welcome him. Right: Mil wasn't dressed in a spectacular costume like this during this trip.



bly wrestle about seven or eight months a year and teach for about four or five months. But I will definitely be back."

Mil asked about how things were going in the wrestling world. He had no idea who still held which belts. He was stunned to find out that a match was televised to Japan via satellite, disappointed that he wasn't around when Bruno Sammartino visited the west coast, shocked that The Sheik attacked promoter Mike LeBell, happy that Dory Funk Jr. was still the champion and elated over the news that John Tolos seems to have turned over a new leaf. "I am so far out of things," he chuckled, "that I did not know about the men who landed on the Moon in the spring until I got my brother's letter telling me about it. In fact, I had to drive 60 miles just to get to a phone to call you!"

Mil said he hoped to have pictures of some of the children he's teaching when he returns in the fall. "There's no place around here I can develop them," he said. "I shot quite a few rolls but I have no idea how they came out."

So Mil Mascaras fans can rest assured. He didn't disappear. He will be back. But from time to time he may be gone again, fulfilling a commitment he made a long time ago. Because as big a star as Mil has become—he still hasn't forgotten what it's like to be a poor lonely boy with a bleak future. □



"It's the most wonderful experience in the world," Mil said. "Now I know how the kids in the Peace Corps feel. I've been teaching young children. And not just wrestling. I've been teaching English and writing and geography. I've been showing slides of places I've visited—places these children didn't even know existed."

"I am very fortunate. It seems that even in the most remote villages most people have heard of Mil Mascaras. So when I go there the youngsters feel as if a big hero has come. Therefore, they listen to me. And because they do we've been able to teach them many things. Most youngsters quit school to go to the fields and they barely know how to read and write. They live as their ancestors did for centuries. I went into one village so remote that mine was the first automobile many of the villagers had ever seen!"

"Of course there are some places in which some people do not know of the 'man of a thousand masks.'"

One policeman even thought I was a bandito. Another time I nearly scared an elderly woman to death. But they recognize me in most of the places. However, they cannot figure out why a big famous person like Mil Mascaras would come to their village to teach. So I tell them about the promise I made to the Virgin. Then they understand."

It is obvious Mil feels very deeply about his people and the poverty they're forced to endure. He talks about building clinics and schools and perhaps even going into teaching on a full time basis when he's finished with wrestling. There's no chance of his going into teaching on a full time basis now, however.

"Although I feel very strongly about what I am doing," Mil observed, "I can better serve my purpose by combining wrestling with what I am doing. This way I will still be famous and that will make it easier for me to reach people. Also, the money I make will help build schools and clinics. I think I'll proba-

Sincerely Yours...

FRENCH FANATICS

I really enjoy your fine magazines. There is one thing that bugs me though. I notice that a lot of your readers knock Rene Goulet and I don't like that one bit! Rene is the classiest grappler around. He can take it and dish it out better than anyone. Rene can be both scientific or dirty—depending on his opponent. I say “cheers” for Rene—no knocks!

DIANE MEROLD
Washington, D.C.

In the June *INSIDE WRESTLING* a Mr. Nick Gromak said that, “Goulet is rotten. He's double crossed several tag team partners so I'm sure he'll turn on Karl Gotch. He's another Jim Valiant.” This upset me greatly. Rene has shown himself to be a man of fine intelligence, fairness, honesty, superb wrestling skill and a guy with popular appeal. It's not fair to compare him with Jim Valiant—Rene is better looking!

VALERIE KRESSLER
Bloomsburg, Pa.

DOUBLE TROUBLE?

A few months ago a fan asked you to compare a photo of Rip Hawk with one of Fred Blassie. He thought they looked so much alike that they might be related. When I saw a photo of Hans Schmidt next to Brute Bernard I thought the same. Take a look. You'll see they are almost identical twins!

PETER W. MANY
Highlands, N.C.

WRESTLE SOME NAMES WALDO!

Recently, on TV, Waldo Von Erich was wrestling a preliminary kid. That's right, a kid! He stomped that kid into the mat until he was unconscious. Hey Von Erich—how come you never wrestle any

name wrestlers like Ernie Ladd, Bobo Brazil or Tony Parisi? I'll tell you why—you're afraid you'll get licked. You're a scared, big, ugly skunk!

JACK O'LEARY
Elgria, Ohio

SHE KNEW IT

I knew it I knew it I knew it! I knew Abdullah Farouk and the Grand Wizard were the same person. And I want to thank you for exposing him in the July issue of *INSIDE WRESTLING*. I saw him manage The Sheik here in Toronto and on a trip to Philadelphia I saw him with Jim Valiant. I hope that weasel didn't think he had us fooled for a second. He calls himself a schizophrenic. I call him a nut.

TERRY BAXTER
Toronto, Ontario

Congratulations are in order to your fine reporter Bill Apter for breaking the story on the Grand Wizard's double identity in the July *INSIDE WRESTLING*. It's obvious from the story that the Wizard has a serious psychiatric problem. Were he in any other sport except wrestling he'd prob-

ably have been committed to an institution a long time ago. I think it's about time wrestling ran these psychologically unbalanced people like Wizard out of the sport. People like that can only hurt.

CINDY LEWIS
Bridgeport, Conn.

RATING COMPLAINTS—AGAIN

I can't see how you can persist in ranking Jack Brisco #1 contender for Dory Funk Jr.'s title. Ronny Garvin has defeated Brisco many times but Brisco always managed to hold on to his Florida title by disqualification. The only reason Funk won't wrestle Ronnie is because he's not ready to lose the title. Ronnie is the uncrowned champion!

LOU CHAMBERLAND
Coconut Creek, Florida

Mil Mascaras hasn't wrestled in months yet you have him rated fifth in your N.W.A. listings. Get that masked bum out of there and put in the greatest of all masked wrestlers—The Spoiler!

RAUL PEREZ
Amarillo Springs, Texas
(Continued on page 62)



Are Hans Schmidt (left) and Brute Bernard (right) identical twins? They certainly have similar styles of wrestling. We don't know if they're look-alikes—but we're glad we don't look like either one!

improve him and add to what he already knows."

Like the managers themselves, managers' philosophies differ. But most agree that a strong background in amateur and professional wrestling is essential. The "exception," as Lou Albano calls him, is the Grand Wizard, also known as Abdullah Farouk, manager of the world's most dangerous wrestler. The Sheik. The Wizard was asked the same question as was Albano—how do you become a manager?

"It's not an easy question to answer just as it's not an easy thing to become a manager," the Wizard began. "If you want to become an architect you don't just suddenly go and get yourself a pencil and a piece of paper and start designing houses. You have to have the background to do *anything* you want to do. You have to lay a foundation. I can't tell you that the young man who wrote the letter should do this, that, or the other thing. What he should do, however, is go to a gymnasium or a Y.M.C.A., someplace where there are wrestlers, someplace where people are working out, and acquaint himself with the science of wrestling so that he has some working knowledge of what wrestling is. If he still decides he wants this as a career he can go to his local promoter and perhaps get a job as ring announcer or in the office keeping statistics so he can familiarize himself with professional wrestlers and with what goes on. This is all groundwork. But for him to say 'I want to be a manager' and for me to tell him to 'go out to the public library and take out six books on wrestling and you'll become a manager' is ridiculous and impossible. My advice is to get that foundation in the world of wrestling. Know your holds, learn what wrestling is starting with amateur wrestling and build on that foundation. You can't build your career any higher or any better than the strength of your foundation will allow. The Grand Wizard could never have reached the spectacular success he enjoys unless he spent more than 20 years building that foundation. If your foundation is strong you'll have a good career. If not you'll end up like 80-million other guys I can think of."

The Big K, manager of Ivan Koloff, also stressed a strong amateur



Lou Albano (above) points to the many scratches and scars he has received helping his wrestlers. Right: Lou shows what he believes is any manager's most important asset—the ability to think fast.



One of the sport's most innovative men, Albano designed special bracelets so he could control former mental patient King Curtis by remote control. It worked so well that Curtis and tag team partner Baron Mikel Sicluna went on to win the W.W.W.F. title!

background as a starting point, but he equally emphasized an education.

"It used to be that you could get by in this business with a solid wrestling background and a high school diploma," he pointed out. "No more. Just as more and more champion wrestlers are college graduates so

are more and more managers of champions. You have to be. You get your talent from all over the world so you must speak a number of languages. I speak five. The Wizard speaks about a half-dozen. George Cannon... well... he doesn't even

(Continued on page 56)

when I planned to retire before fifty

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.



"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it on a little over a thousand dollars of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise

offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—a little over a thousand dollars—and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one-man business while getting a start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent or other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But, best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And, I could build this little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning up-holstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts* out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture

fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over \$40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start for a little over a thousand dollars. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

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The Big K (right) holds a tag team trophy with his former partner Tiny Mills. Now a successful manager, the Big K says "it's almost impossible for anyone to become a good manager without having been a wrestler. The experience I got in the ring was priceless."

speak English, so he's an exception. I think Al Costello translates for him. But when you travel throughout the world recruiting wrestlers you must speak their language. My knowledge of Russian helped me sign Koloff. Now, with all the great wrestlers coming out of Japan, I'm taking courses in Japanese.

"In addition, you have to know math and business administration. You're dealing with contracts—legal documents—and you have to know what you're doing. If you're setting up a contract that involves percentages of gates and percentages of total receipts you have to have a good knowledge of math. You're handling finances all the time so you'd better know about money management. If you don't the income tax people will surely let you know!

"All this is in addition to knowing about wrestling. You spend hours studying films of your wrestler's opponents, looking for weaknesses. I can watch a wrestling film and see things the average fan will never see."

George Cannon, manager of the world tag team champion Fabulous Kangaroos, is a strong believer in starting young. "I think a young man who wants a career in wrestling management should start when he's a teenager. Go to your local promoter and ask for a job. Do anything. Sweep floors if you have to. Be an usher. Don't even ask for a salary. Just get an opportunity to hang around that office and find out what's going on. And don't ever stop asking questions. When you see a manager—and if he's not busy—he'll be glad to give you tips. But start early and start from the bottom up."

In writing a story on how to become a manager we'd really be missing the boat if we didn't seek the advice of the greatest manager of all time—Wild Red Berry, manager of the original Fabulous Kangaroos.

Red's philosophy of managing is the same as his philosophy of wres-



Wild Red Berry (right) sets up a "Boomerang," made famous by his Kangaroos. He invented the hold. Below: Berry is escorted out of the ring by the Sharpe brothers—an occupational hazard.



ting—a philosophy put into print in "Anthology of Philosophy," a book Red wrote some years ago. In one section he answers the question of a boy who wants to become a professional wrestler. This is it:

"I would like to inform this young man that to become a successful professional wrestler one must have good health, self-confidence, patience, a sense of humor, mental alertness, tact, keen insight, dexterity,

muscular control, physical stamina, agility, steady nerves and plenty of intestinal fortitude."

Red insists that too much emphasis is put on "how to go about" doing things. "Other managers might have told you about what you have to learn," Red correctly noted, "but they probably all forgot other things such as self-confidence, mental alertness, and a sense of humor. I go by

(Continued on page 58)

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Think about it for a moment! The way gas is fed into your engine today, when you're pulled up for a light your engine is being flooded with gas that it can't possibly burn! (That's why stop-and-go driving is so incredibly expensive—because most of your gas goes right out the tailpipe.) Then when you pick up speed again to turn onto a highway, your engine is still wasting a little less gas at 20 miles an hour . . . wasting a little less gas at 30 miles an hour . . . and finally getting just the right amount of gas for top performance at about 40 or 50 miles an hour!

And then, if you go over 50 miles an hour . . . if you really want to zoom away at 60, 70 or 80 . . . or if you need "instant-muscle" to flash away from another car on a curve . . . then your "idiot fuel pump" STILL gives you the same exact amount of gas it fed you when you were going 40 miles an hour LESS—and leaves you puffing and puffing with your neck stuck out, as though that car was 20 years old and carrying a ton of cement!

IT COULD COST YOU YOUR LIFE ON A BAD CURVE! IT DOES COST YOU UP TO \$100 A YEAR ON WASTED GAS ALONE! AND IT CAN ALL BE CORRECTED—IN JUST FIVE MINUTES WITH A SCREWDRIVER—LIKE THIS . . .

Now, just picture the startling difference with this ED ALMQUIST MINI-INJECTOR on your engine. As you can see by the photo above, the MINI-INJECTOR is small enough to hold in your hand. It slips right on to your engine, between the fuel pump and the carburetor. A 12-year-old boy can put it on perfectly, using nothing more than a screwdriver, even if he never opened the hood before. But once he's done . . . and once you switch on that engine again . . . you're going to HEAR the difference—and FEEL the difference—from the very first second that engine ROARS to life again.

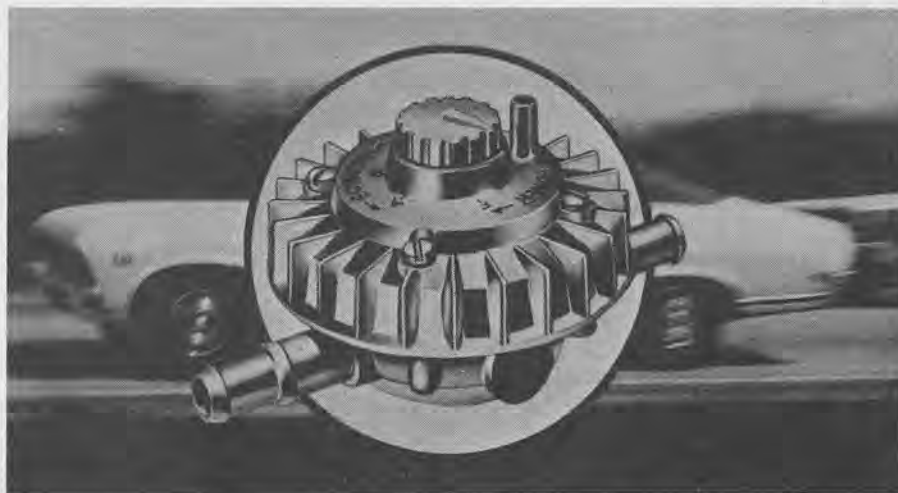
Yes! ROARS to life again! Because this is a NEW TYPE OF ENGINE you're driving with from now on! An engine that operates at absolute top gas-power every single driving second! THAT DOESN'T GET ONE DROP OF GAS IT DOESN'T NEED . . . AND DOESN'T WASTE ONE OUNCE OF POWER THAT IT CAN DELIVER TO YOUR WHEELS!

And this fact shows up for you the instant you start your car! Because—even on freezing mornings—your key is hardly in the switch before that engine is purring with power! Why? Because now there's no gas-flood at all. The walls of that cold engine aren't being choked up with raw gas that keeps the spark from catching fire . . . and that then drains out into your tailpipe, exactly as though you poured it right on to your engine.

Now at this time—YOUR ENGINE ITSELF SIGNALS TO THE MINI-INJECTOR EXACTLY HOW MUCH GAS IT NEEDS TO START! And the MINI-INJECTOR tells the fuel pump to deliver JUST THAT AMOUNT OF GAS, AND NOT ONE DROP MORE! You're off in less time than it takes a second passenger to close the door! And you're about to take the most thrilling ride of your entire driving life!

You Would Never Have Believed That Your Engine Could Deliver Power Like This! AND ALL AT A SAVING OF ONE GALLON OUT OF EVERY FIVE!

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floating up to that light, even though it was stone-cold only a few short seconds ago.

There's no coughing, or stalling or bucking—even in those first few cold minutes. And when you pull up to the light, and put your foot on the brake, your engine will tone right down to a contented purr. It will be quieter than you've ever heard it before, without the slightest shiver in the rest of the car itself. Because now that engine is NOT trying to spit out excess gas! Not trying to jerk away from your brake! NOT letting you know every waiting second that you're pouring money out of its tailpipe!

Now the light changes to green. Wait a second, and then carefully place your foot back on the gas pedal. Make sure to give it LESS pressure—THIS TIME—than you ever did before! BECAUSE THAT FOOT IS GOING TO GIVE YOU MORE BLAST-OFF POWER FROM THAT CAR THAN YOU'VE EVER KNOWN BEFORE! AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND A DAY OR TWO GETTING USED TO IT!

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From that moment on, driving becomes a totally new experience for you! Because your car suddenly acts like an athlete—instead of a fat overfed fool!

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HERE'S HOW IT WORKS!

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Think of this MINI-INJECTOR as having two main parts. The first is a "Miniature brain." And the second is an extra fuel pump connected right on to the brain.

Now, what happens when you put this MINI-INJECTOR onto your car is this: The miniature brain automatically senses the exact amount of gas your engine needs at every driving second (it does this by measuring the vacuum pressure within that engine from second to second).

Your fuel pump, on the other hand, has no such measuring device. So it never knows how much gas your engine really needs. So it simply delivers the same amount of gas to that engine, no matter how hard, or how easy that engine is working!

But now MINI-INJECTOR Takes over! And if your fuel pump is delivering TOO MUCH gas to that engine, MINI-INJECTOR blocks that extra gas with its own fuel pump—sends it back and holds it under compression until your carburetor calls for more gas!

Or, when your fuel pump is delivering TOO LITTLE gas to your engine (for example, when it's a life-or-death case of passing another car on a curve), MINI-INJECTOR skyrockets its own fuel pump into action, and shoots in that extra gas your engine needs. THE VERY SECOND IT NEEDS IT!

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the time! Now you're not splashing your plugs . . . eating away your valves . . . corroding your cylinders . . . or draining power out of your engine for every mile you drive!

Now, instead, for perhaps the first time in your life, you are sitting behind the kind of lean, tough, instant-response engine that only sports-car drivers knew before! An engine that flattens hills right down at the merest touch of your foot! That takes off screaming at the lights whenever you want to . . . leaves other cars sitting behind you, choking in your dust!

An engine that simply glides past other cars at 70 . . . 80 . . . 90 miles an hour—whenever you want to walk away from them! And that has so much reserve power left that you KNOW that there's no jam you can get into on the highway that it can't zoom you right out of at the slightest touch of your foot!

And—most important of all—STILL USING EVERY THRILL-PAKED SECOND ONLY THE EXACT AMOUNT OF GAS THAT IT NEEDS AT THAT INSTANT—AND NOT ONE SINGLE DROP MORE! So that the gas savings pile up—day after day . . . week after week . . . month after month! Till you've put a \$20 bill back in your pocket . . . a \$50 bill back in your pocket . . . a \$100 bill back in your pocket—all from a simple little "engine-brain" that costs you originally less than a single set of spark plugs!

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MANAGER

(Continued from Page 58)

the philosophy that there is no substitute for talent. When you combine that talent with intelligence and a winsome personality—you have an unbeatable combination."

Red's convinced that in anything, becoming a manager or becoming a president, the answer lies in not what you do but how you do it. And the secret of his success is revealed in a poem he wrote.

"Success is found in the soul of man and not in the realm of luck

The world will furnish the work to do but you must furnish the pluck

You can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink

You can send a boy to college but



"Anyone who wants to be a manager should start wrestling as a teenager," says George Cannon, who's a success in each of the fields.

you cannot make him think

You can teach him how to bank and he will never save a cent

You can show him how to build and he will keep on paying rent

You can dress him up in the finest satins and it will never change his looks

Give him a big library and he will never read the books

You can lead a horse to water—lead him right up to the brink

But unless the horse is willing, you cannot make him drink." ☐

CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW

(Continued from Page 35)



Curtis (left) belts the Chief in the stomach. This happened before he pulled the plastic knife from his trunks. Below: A closeup that leaves no room for doubt. Curtis has the knife in his right hand!



charges since he wasn't the one who'd been disqualified. The match now officially becomes a "no contest."

After the hearing, both Curtis and Strongbow extracted a measure of revenge. Curtis, again wrestling Rivera, who had been Strongbow's chief witness, pulled another chain out of his trunks and beat him mercilessly. Strongbow returned the favor in Madison Square Garden.

When Gorilla Monsoon was unable to fulfill his revenge match against Albano because he called in sick, the Chief gladly substituted for him even though it meant he'd have to wrestle twice that night. When Albano saw Strongbow waiting in the ring for him he had to be literally pushed down the aisle and into the ring.

"I'm not supposed to wrestle this guy!" he screamed, the fear in his voice obvious. But it didn't help. The Chief battered Lou into a bloody mess. He was bleeding so badly the match had to be stopped.

"Monsoon—that big fat overweight slob—chickened out of this match!" Albano alibied. "I wasn't supposed to wrestle Strongbow. I trained to wrestle Monsoon. You can ask Jimmy Valiant. He knows. I put 27 pounds on to compete with Gorilla Monsoon. What happens? They

put me in with a midget. They put me in with a 219-pound, half-breed Indian. Naturally the man dazzled me with a little speed, I contracted a minor cut, and they stopped the match. I woulda beaten him anyway. They shoulda never stopped the match. I cut myself shaving worse than what happened that night. Look at my face! You don't see any marks. Whaddya ya mean ya do? You're crazy. Ya need glasses. I can't talk to a bum like you!"

"Getting Albano in the ring was almost as great as winning that hearing," the Chief stated after Lou stormed away. "I never saw anybody bleed that much. It was like a dream come true. I won the hearing and I ran Albano right out of Madison Square Garden. The only other thing I'd like is another match against Curtis. I'd like to get him for what he did to Victor. If I can get that match then everything will be great!"

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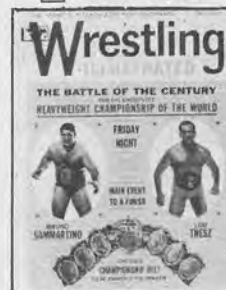
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**REGGIE PARKS— THE MAN WITH
THE IRON STOMACH** (Continued from page 37)

stopped Reggie from his daily gym workouts. There's an old adage that says "if you take care of your body it'll take care of you." Reggie fully believes in it and is quick to admit that "so far it's done just that." And to make sure it continues doing that Reggie does one thousand situps every day to maintain his trim and strengthen his incredible stomach muscles. In addition, he still continues his full routine of weightlifting. At 6-1 and 230 pounds, Reggie

looks more like a Greek statue than a professional athlete. In fact, famous Nebraska promoter Joe Dusek, after seeing Reggie for the first time, said "He looks the way a man's supposed to look!"

One man who'll attest to Reggie's "iron stomach" is arch rival Larry Hennig, who broke his wrist trying to put a dent into Parks' abdomen.

"You hear stories about how hard his stomach is," Hennig recalled, "but you feel you've just got to try it once.



Reggie hip-rolls Hiro Hamaguchi during a match in Nebraska. Reggie had little trouble subduing the Japanese giant. Even though Parks is a big star as a single, his goal is the world tag team championship for he and teammate Stan Pulaski.

Sweet Daddy Siki has Parks bent over as Reggie tries to get away from Sweet Daddy's attack with a mirror. Siki was angered after he failed to make Parks even breathe hard when he jumped off the top rope onto Reggie's stomach in a pre-match demonstration of Parks' iron stomach.



It's like they say...experience is the best teacher. I'd heard about it but I couldn't really believe it until I tried it myself. Well I tried it and broke my wrist on the damn thing!"

Fans in the midwest get a kick when a new wrestler who hasn't heard about Reggie's stomach muscles comes into the area. They're always anxious to watch the facial expressions of new men testing Reggie's stomach for the first time.

When Ray Stevens injured his leg in a match against Reggie, the Australian was as concerned about the injury as was Ray. Because one week later, Parks and Pulaski were supposed to wrestle Stevens and Nick Bockwinkle for the A.W.A. tag team championship—a championship they had an excellent chance of winning. But Stevens was injured worse than anybody realized and he had to pull out of the match. Because of that, Tarzan Tyler substituted and the match became a non-title affair. And Tyler, who'd been wrestling mostly in the east and southeast, knew nothing about Reggie's "iron stomach."

He found out soon enough.

Trapping Parks in the corner, Tarzan started pounding away with no apparent effect. If anything, it served as a respite for Reggie. For Tyler, it served as a lesson in frustration. He kept pounding away and pounding away while Reggie just stood there and smiled.

"What's with this guy!" Tyler screamed. He finally got so angry he just walked away from Parks, stormed back to his corner, tagged Bockwinkle and refused to return to the ring if Reggie was in there!

Reggie holds various regional titles and came very close to upsetting champion Verne Gagne. But right now his goal is the A.W.A. tag team title for he and Pulaski.

Despite his reputation, people are still trying their luck against Reggie's stomach. During one recent card he invited any member of the audience to try his luck. A burly, 300-pound truck driver climbed through the ropes and threw his best shot into Reggie's middle. Reggie didn't even say "Ooof." The truck driver, shaking his wrist to make sure nothing was broken, just walked back to his seat in disbelief. The iron stomach had made another believer.

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Haystacks Calhoun was the most
beautiful thing I've ever read. It
was even better than the one you
did on Mil Mascaras. Only a coura-
geous man like Haystacks could
have taken a physical problem
some people considered a handi-
cap and turned it into a career.
When I read about the abuse he
had to take because of his size I
cried. After reading his dramatic
story I'm more of a Haystacks fan
than ever!

DOROTHY PERLIZZI
Peoria, Illinois

Your life story on Haystacks
Calhoun in the July issue of THE
WRESTLER was sensational! I
don't know how you guys do it! I
always wondered how he got his
unusual name. And those pictures
of Haystacks wrestling Happy
Humphrey are priceless. Every
time I think I've read the best is-
sue of your magazines you come
up with something better like the
Haystacks story. Well done!

DAVID KARLIN
Rego Park, N.Y.

YOU MAKE ME SICK!!! How any
halfway decent wrestling maga-
zine could devote 11 pages to an
overweight, inept clown like Hay-
stacks Calhoun is beyond me! The
man can't wrestle. He's just big.
He's a disgrace to true wrestling.
If he's worth a life story why not
bring in an elephant from the zoo
and let him be a wrestler? No-
body'll pin him. People like Cal-
houn give wrestling a bad image.
The next time you have a lot of
space left over use it for a life
story on someone like Baron Fritz
Von Raschke—a real wrestler!

MARK DAVID EISENMANN
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

LIKES RAYMOND

I'm in love. And it's your fault.
But I'm not angry. I just got finish-
ed reading your story on Raymond
Rougeau (THE WRESTLER/July
'72) and had to sit down and write
you this letter. He's the most
beautiful man I've ever seen. He's
handsome and has a great phy-

(Continued from Page 53)

sique. No wonder all the girls in
Canada flip over him. So did I! I
can't wait until he's 18 and gradu-
ates from high school so he can
travel around the country. If he
doesn't come out here to wrestle
I'll die! Please write in "Fan Club
Corner" if there's a club for Ray-
mond. I'd like to join.

NANCY TREADWAY
Bemidju, Minn.



*Handsome Ray Rougeau's won yet
another fan who insists she is
in love with the teenage great.*

KEEP FREDDIE

Your story on Freddie Blassie
as a referee was great. He's a real
character. I know he has a broken
leg and may retire. But if he does I
hope they'll give him a referee's
license. It'd be a shame to lose
such a colorful personality as
Freddie.

STEVE SPARKS
Encino, California

ABOUT TIME

Well it's about time INSIDE
WRESTLING recognized the
world's greatest wrestler—Verne
Gagne. Your story on him was well
done but it should have been writ-
ten a long time ago. You fill your
pages with junk on stiffos like Mo-
rales and run a story on Gagne
once every five years. C'mon! Get
with it! Verne's the greatest!

TOM BYRNE
Lincoln, Nebraska

BOBBY SHANE (Continued from Page 31)



Louie Tillet holds Shane in a punishing headlock Bobby can't escape. "I felt like laughing when I saw that," Bearcat said. "It was about time he got what was coming to him. I'm glad we lost the tag team title and I'm glad I was there to see him cry. He's the biggest creep I've had the misfortune to meet in a long time."

myself. It would be the last time I'd do that. We had another match scheduled for the next night. I had a plan.

"At the beginning of our matches Shane would wave me out of the ring and strut around with Miss Sherri. Then they'd do his 'taking off the jacket' ceremony. After that he usually looked toward the corner and beckoned me to come into the ring. But this time I wasn't there.

"I was hiding below the ring apron. He was searching all over for me. Our opponents, Roop and Boris Malenko, were laughing at him. The bell rang and Shane was trapped out there alone. Malenko charged out and gave him hell. Oh did he tear him up! I climbed back up and stood in the corner. Seeing me, Shane ran over to tag me. But like he did in other matches—I refused! 'Please!' he yelled. But I just stood there. Then he did something I never saw a wrestler do in my whole life. Bobby Shane—big strong Bobby Shane—started to cry!

"About 20 minutes later it was all over. We'd lost the title and it was Shane who'd lost it for us. I wasn't sorry one bit. He deserved it. But he was still able to pull a fast one on me.

"In the dressing room I told him I was glad our relationship is over. 'You're a skunk and a liar,' I said. 'If I ever get into the ring with you I'll cripple you.'

"He whispered something into Sherri's ear and she left the room. The next thing I know an official comes in and asks me for my wrestling permit and rips it up. 'You no longer have Florida credentials, Mr. Wright,' he said. 'I'd suggest you get out of town.'

"I don't know what Sherri told him. I was stunned. I'd never expected anything like this. Now I won't go back to that state even if they reinstate me and offer me a match with Shane. Aside from that the only other thing I'd like to do is get that Miss Sherri and take her across my knee and give her a good spanking!"

Shane, of course, denied the whole story. "Wright just got too big for his britches," Bobby insisted. "He thought he was the whole team. He got jealous of all the attention Miss Sherri gets and thought he could get back at me by not tagging me. The real reason he left town is that I asked the promoter to schedule a match between us and Wright knew he didn't want that so he cut out. I made Bearcat Wright and I broke him. Let California have him. They deserve a bum like him out there. We have only *real* wrestlers here in Florida!"

So the Wright-Shane combination is no more. That suits the people of Florida just fine. In fact, as many fans said, "it would have been better if both of them went to California!"

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WRESTLING CAPITALS

(Continued from Page 12)

John Tolos and Billy "Superstar" Graham battle during one of the most controversial matches in west coast history. But Graham had help from Killer Kowalski and Tolos plans to file a protest with the California Wrestling Commission to get the match changed to a "no contest."



match had to be halted due to excessive bleeding. Strongbow was the winner!

Later in the evening Strongbow came back with Sonny King to win the tag team title from King Curtis and Baron Sicluna—in two straight falls! What a night for the Chief!

Pedro Morales raised his Madison Square victory streak to 13 in a row when he retained his Heavyweight title against Pampero Firpo. Surprisingly, Firpo battled clean with the champ for the first 10 minutes. But when Pedro started to overpower him, Firpo began using his teeth, as well as all the other maneuvers not allowed by the rule book. The end came when Pedro delivered a series of brain-joltin' dropkicks that knocked the challenger out—scoring a win for Pedro.

Eddie Graham ended up on top of Jim Valiant... Don Curtis scored a tremendous win over Smasher Sloane... Toru Tanaka chopped Manuel Soto... The Black Demon recorded a victory over Tony Contillis... Ernie Ladd drew with Rene Goulet.

CALIFORNIA WRESTLING

By Larry Barnhizer,
Thomas Brophy &
Warren Kubota

John Tolos lost a highly controversial non-title decision to Billy "Superstar" Graham in Los Angeles. Here's what happened:

Graham had his buddy Killer Kowalski watching the match at ringside. Kowalski kept yelling at Tolos to try to get him off guard.

"You stink Tolos!" Kowalski would yell. "You couldn't beat my grandmother!"

After a few minutes of trying to catch Graham, who kept running from John, Tolos made a move toward Kowalski, who was still heckling him.

But John made a big mistake here. He turned his back on Graham while threatening Killer. Billy caught him from behind with a low blow. Tolos fell to the mat and Graham pinned him!

Tolos and the fans know where the Greek was hit but the referee didn't see it. It's a loss in the book for John!

Fred Blassie, whose leg was busted by Kowalski, is expected to return to the mat wars shortly to wrestle Kowalski!... Bearcat Wright and Ernie Ladd are headed to Los Angeles... Raul Mata has asked Chris Tolos to team with him against his hated rivals, the newly-re-teamed duo of Goliath and Black Gorman.

Over 8,000 fans jammed the San Francisco Cow Palace for a rare bout. Two "bad guys" tangled in what promised to be a total bloodfest of thoroughly dirty wrestling. Pat Patterson was to meet Lars Anderson.

What made it the prospect of a bloody match took place just a week before on TV when Anderson caught Patterson off guard on a TV interview and beat him to a bloody pulp. It was hard to believe but Patterson was actually cheered when he was carried back to the dressing room by his manager Haru Sasaki.

The match was very exciting. As expected—the two broke every rule in the book! Patterson copped the first fall with a "bombs away" in 5:38.

The second fall saw Patterson wipe the floor with Lars. But at one point Pat tried a flying cannonball—but Anderson moved out of the way—sending Pat flying over the ropes and onto the concrete floor! When Pat returned, Anderson applied a neck-breaker to win fall number two.

The final fall saw both wrestlers go berserk. When the referee tried to stop the madhouse doings, he was thrown from the ring by both wrestlers and he promptly disqualified both of them! What a wild match! □

GIRL WRESTLING IN JAPAN

(Continued from Page 21)

girl wrestling is terrible.

"You know Japanese women have this tradition of being fragile and gentle and sweet. Largely it's true. But we're not all like that. Some people think we're still living in the 18th century. They refuse to accept the possibility of women wrestling as a career."

The best thing that could happen to Japanese girl wrestling would be for a group of American girls to tour Japan. Since the Japanese are so quick to pick up on most American habits, having American girls here would really give the Japanese girls a shot in the arm. People have this feeling that if the Americans do it—it's all right.



We're not sure what this hold is called but Koichi's having trouble getting out of it.

But meanwhile Japanese girl wrestling is at the stage where American girl wrestling was about 20 to 25 years ago. The girls in the ring today are the pioneers. Years from now when girl wrestling is as well accepted as male wrestling these girls will probably be looked upon as heroines. But until then they labor in relative obscurity (compared to their American cousins) for paltry salaries, being refused publicity in newspapers and magazines. That is the status of girl wrestling in Japan today. ☐



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Don't Be Half A Man!

Let ME SHOW How I Can Make You a Real HE-MAN From Head to Toe — in Just 15

Minutes a Day! Take a good honest look at yourself! Are you proud of your body — or are you satisfied to go through life being just "half the man" you could be? No matter how ashamed you are of your present physical condition — or how old or young you are — the "sleeping" muscles already present in your body can turn you into a real HE-MAN! Believe me, I know — because I was once a skinny, scrawny 97-pound half-alive weakling! People used to laugh at my build and make fun of me. I was ashamed to strip for sports or the beach... shy of girls... afraid of healthy competition.

HOW I CHANGED FROM A "MOUSE" TO A MAN!

One day, I discovered a secret that changed me from a timid, frightened scarecrow into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" — a "magic formula" that can help turn you, too, into a marvellous physical specimen... a real HE-MAN from head to toe... a man who STANDS OUT in any crowd! What's my secret? "DYNAMIC-TENSION" — the natural method! No theory. No gadgets or contraptions. You just do as I did. Simply take the "sleeping" muscles already present inside your own body — build them up — use them every day in walking, bending over, reaching, even sitting! Almost before you know it, you're covered with a brand-new suit of beautiful, rock-hard SOLID MUSCLE!

MY SECRET BUILDS MUSCLES FAST!

Just 15 minutes each day in the privacy of your room is all it takes to make your chest and shoulder muscle swell so big they almost split your coat seams... turn your fists into sledge-hammers... build mighty legs that never tire! Mail coupon today for my famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can give you a Body by Atlas. Charles Atlas, Dept. 21810 115 E. 23 St., New York, N. Y. 10010.



WIN THIS VALUABLE TROPHY
Be the envy of your friends!

5 FREE GIFTS

If you act now, in addition to my complete course, you will also get these five valuable outline courses.



CHARLES ATLAS ON TV



DO YOU WANT...

A DEEP CHEST?
I can add SOLID INCHES of powerful muscle to your chest — make you look and feel like a dynamo.



BIG ARM MUSCLES?
You'll see and feel your arm muscles BULGE out with super power and energy.



BROAD SHOULDERS?
"Dynamic-Tension" will broaden your shoulders. You'll see and feel RESULTS IN 7 DAYS!



TIRELESS LEGS?
I make your legs strong and powerful with the tireless drive of a long distance runner.



MORE WEIGHT?
You'll put on pounds in the right places. "Dynamic-Tension" rebuilds you inside and out.



MAGNETIC PERSONALITY?
"Dynamic-Tension" makes you alive with vitality — the husky that men respect and women admire.



...THEN MAIL THIS NOW!

HERE'S THE KIND OF BODY I WANT

- ☐ MORE MUSCLE — BIGGER CHEST
- ☐ BIG ARM MUSCLES
- ☐ BROAD BACK & SHOULDERS
- ☐ TIRELESS LEGS
- ☐ MORE WEIGHT
- ☐ MAGNETIC PERSONALITY

CHARLES ATLAS

Dept 21810, 115 E 23 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10010

Show me how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. Send your famous 32-page FREE book, full of pictures, valuable advice. No obligation.

Print Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City & State..... Zip Code.....

In England: Charles Atlas, 21 Poland St., London W. 1

The secret of teaching yourself music

It may seem odd at first—the idea of teaching yourself music. You might think you need a private teacher at \$4 to \$10 an hour to stand beside you and explain everything you should do—and to tell you when you've made a mistake.

But the fact is, you don't. Thousands have taught themselves to play with the lessons we give by mail. And you can too. Guitar, piano, accordion—you can learn any of ten popular instruments.

The secret lies in the step-by-step way our lessons teach you. Starting right from scratch, they show you with simple words and pictures exactly what to do. You'll learn to play the right way—by note, from sheet music. Without any gimmickry.

But how do you know you're doing it right? Easy. A lot of the tunes you'll practice first are simple songs you've heard many times. Since you know how they're supposed to sound, you can tell right away when you've "got them right."

By the time you go on to more advanced pieces, you'll be able to tell if your notes and timing are right, even without being familiar with the songs. Sooner than you may think you'll be able to play whatever kind of music you like. Popular. Classical. Folk music. Hymns.

"The course is the most complete I have ever seen," writes Mrs. Norman Johanson, one of our recent graduates. "My daughter has taken lessons for eight years from a private teacher, and now she asks me questions about some of her lessons."

For more information about this pleasant, economical way to learn music, just mail the coupon. We'll send you our free booklet, *Be Your Own Music Teacher* and a free Piano "Note-Finder." No obligation.

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U. S. School of Music,

Port Washington, New York 11050

I'm interested in learning to play the instrument checked below. Please send me, **FREE**, your illustrated booklet "Be Your Own Music Teacher." Also include your free Piano "Note-Finder." I am under no obligation. Check the instrument you would like to play: (check only one)

- | | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Piano | <input type="checkbox"/> Steel Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Accordion |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Saxophone | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Organ—pipe, electronic, reed | <input type="checkbox"/> Violin | <input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> Ukulele |

Print Name _____ Age _____

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City _____

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Do you have instrument? Yes ☐ No ☐ Instruments, if needed, supplied to our students on convenient terms.

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